

The TATLER

Vol. CLIV. No. 2007

London
December 13, 1939



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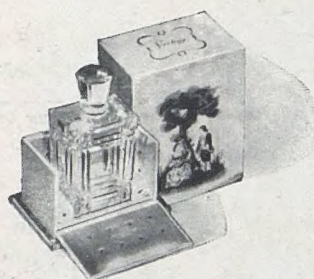
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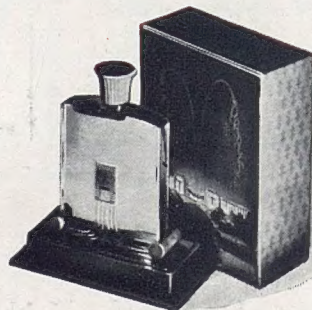


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The TATTLER

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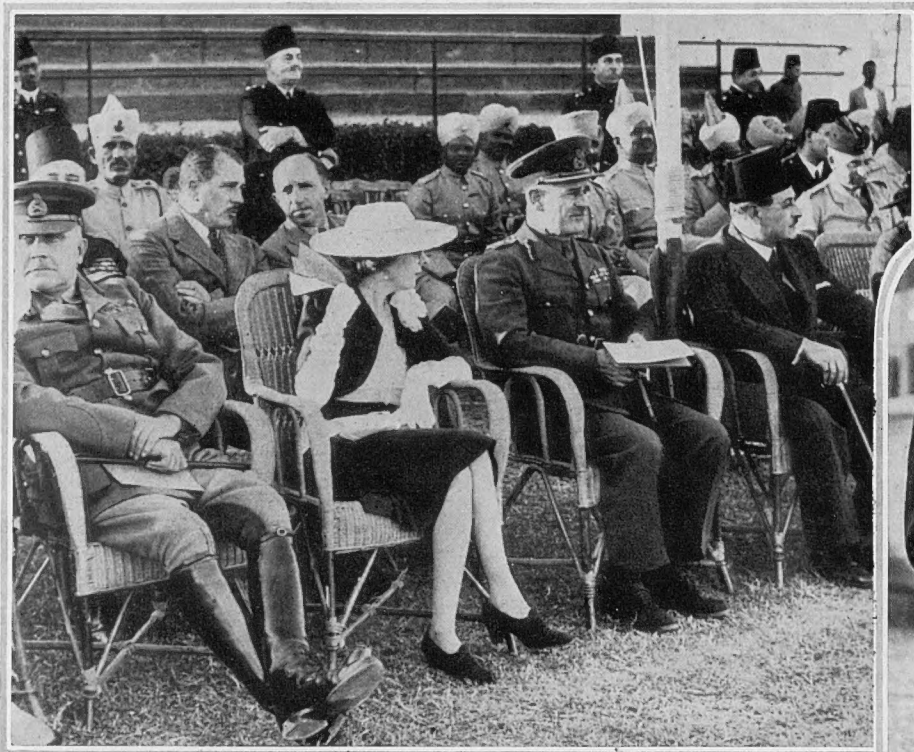
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THE HON. MARY COKE: A NEW PORTRAIT

The Hon. Mary Katherine Coke is the younger daughter of Major Viscount Coke, heir of the Earl of Leicester, and of Viscountess Coke, who is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Rodolph Trefusis, and a granddaughter of the 19th Lord Clinton and of the 5th Duke of Buccleuch. Miss Coke's brother, Captain the Hon. Thomas Coke, is an Extra Equerry to the King, whom he also served as Equerry when he was Duke of York. He married in 1931 Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the 8th Earl of Hardwicke



POLICE ENTERTAINMENT IN CAIRO

The Cairo City Police gave a humorous entertainment recently for officers of the Indian Army at present stationed in that ancient city. In the picture are, l. to r.: Major-General H. M. Wilson, G.O.C. British troops in Egypt, Lady Russell, wife of Sir Tom Russell (Russell Pasha), Cairo's famous police commandant, Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Wavell G.O.C. in C. Middle East; and Shahine Bey, the Governor of Cairo

LAST week we parted in Bristol, the oldest port in the kingdom, whose natives, as unique as the self-sufficient citizens of Basle, have a habit of adding the letter 'l' to words ending in a, o and w. Thus Russia becomes Russial and tomato tomatol, Bristol having begun as Bristow. Seeing this old but active city only during a rainy blackout, I want to go back to read its character and its history, so English in continuity—from the Phœnicians in coracles (spare this filmy fancy) to A.T.S. and escorts in the old *Mauretania* which has come to rest on the premises of a celebrated wine merchant (mine recommends a champagne "for those occasions when the opening of a bottle will be justified") who reconstructed the bars, including the aquarium, and the grill with shiny black tables. The *Mauretania* is recommended by the discerning host of Bray, Mr. Barry Neame. Others swear by and in the "Thatched Hat" near the airport; its grills are good, as are the menus at the "Atlantic," Weston-super-Mare, where one o'clock lunch at the golf club supplies the acme of plain English cooking. Mr. "Bob" Riddell, seven times Somerset champion and secretary since 1905, carves with a Punch-like smile and many a good story. The best thing in *Punch* since the war was Mr. A. P. Herbert's rhyme "We have no quarrel with the German nation." The B.B.C. should recite this to the neutrals; and why not bring home to us as historic, civic entities, Bath and Bristol, now both are near the microphone? Lord Athlone's religious broadcast, given with the simplicity of an officer and a gentleman, must have made as good an impression in the United States as

And the World Said—



AT THE NEWMARKET SALES

Among the visitors to the successful Newmarket December Bloodstock Sales were the Hon. Peter Beatty, son of the great admiral and brother of the present peer, and Lady Mary Dunn, daughter of the late Lord Rosslyn. Mr. Beatty won the Derby with Bois Roussel last year



TO MARRY NEXT WEEK

Lord Newtown Butler, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, is to be married on Wednesday next, December 20, at St. Botolph's Church, Ratcliffe, to Miss Bettyne Ione Everard, only daughter of Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P., D.L., J.P., and Lady Everard, of Ratcliffe Hall, Leics. In a previous issue we forestalled this happy occasion by describing Miss Everard as Lady Newtown Butler for which we express our profound apologies

here where listeners were further removed from the weight of things temporal by Sir John Martin-Harvey's beautiful voice in that Christian play *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. The cathedral city of Exeter is as busy as Bath; its streets animated by County shopping for Young Visitors with gargantuan appetites. Sir William Peek's philanthropic sister, Miss Kay Peek, comes in from Hembury Fort, held by evacuated children, and the Fleetwood Pellows from his absentee-in-America cousin Lord Exmouth's seat, Canonteign. The Vanbrughs' brother, Major-General Sir "Reggie" Barnes; Sir Henry Imbert-Terry; Lord Sidmouth's handsome younger sister, Mrs. Oscar Harris; Mrs. "Rosie" Peters (a cousin of weather diviner Lord Dunboyne) and Mrs. Evelyn Northcote of Chappel Court also market. The last-named is an aunt of Lord ("Billy") Waleran who began as a P.C., and is now with the fighting

Forces. He shares a peace time urge for motor racing with another Devonian, Mr. "Dick" Marker (coastal defence) a wireless expert whose songstress wife is looking after London toddlers billeted on her at Combe Hall. Fortunately she likes small children. Sir John Shelley's Shobrooke Park is a boys' school, while Ugbrooke houses a convent school. Its owner, Mr. Charles Clifford, heir to his father's peerage and brother of Sir Bede, the attractive young Governor of Mauritius, is to marry Mrs. Claire Ogilvie, a distant cousin and fellow R.C. Each has grown-up children; he a Junoesque, blonde V.A.D. daughter Agnes; she a soldier son, and Jean who came out last year. The future Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, tall, slim and young-looking, is a gardener and a horsewoman. For the last four years she has lived with her brother and sister-in-law, the Cuthbert Maynes, at Gidleigh Park, on the verge of Dartmoor, and hunted with the Mid-Devon. Ugbrooke shooting is syndicated as is Whiteways, the property of that good hostess Mrs. ("Theresa") Farquhar, whose guns include THE TATLER's naval cartoonist and Mrs. Oakley-Beuttler. Lord Clinton's syndicate at Bicton includes one of the best local shots, Major Cecil Bradshaw of Bystock, who, on being told to prepare for a herd of children, meekly removed with wife (a sister of another Devonian, Sir George Duckworth-King) to the butler's cottage, where they propose to remain, although no evacuees have shown up. Fulford, where Sir Edgar Plummer dispenses mouth-watering luncheons, is one of the few shoots not yet communized. Major Tony Fulford of that ancient ilk is with his regiment, as is "Derry" Heathcoat-Amory, whose pack, the Tiverton, continues under a professional huntsman. Major Talbot Ponsonby carries on the East Devon, and Miss Abbot the Devon and Somerset Stagbonds, assisted by Tommy Hancock, whose late father was Master of the Dulverton for years. Neighbours include Mrs. Aubrey Herbert, to whose daughter and son-in-law, the Evelyn Waugh, congratulations on Auberon Alexander, christened in the chapel at Pixton Park, and on his Mexican book attacked by *Esquire's* illiterate anti-British reviewer.

* * *

What books to give ("Dusty Measure" for a memoir; the Poet Laureate's "Alive and Kicking Ned" for thrills, and "The Ages of Man" for an anthology) and the question of festivities is exercising divided



CAMBRIDGE CHARITY SHOW

Cambridge undergraduates gave a musical show the other evening at the Regal Cinema, Cambridge, in aid of the British Red Cross. Among the audience were Lord and Lady Rotherham and Mrs. Lees Warner. Lord Rotherham, who is the second Baron, succeeded his father in 1927. He is an Inspector in the Ministry of Pensions



MISS CYNTHIA SPINK-BRYCE

The only daughter of the late T. W. Spink and of Mrs. Chalmers Bryce is engaged to marry Ralph Bruce, eldest son of Sir Harry and Lady Rachel Verney of Rhianva, Menai Bridge, Anglesey. Lady Rachel is a sister of the Earl of Elgin



HELPING THE RED CROSS

Others at the Cambridge Red Cross musical show were Miss Vivien Dauntessy and Captain A. A. Duncan. Miss Dauntessy is the younger daughter of Mrs. Evelyn Dauntessy, of Agecroft

families. Grown-up Glaswegians envisage a real Christmas treat; *Lights Up* with Evelyn ("Boo") Laye singing Noel Gay's "You've Done Something to My Heart," and C.B. Cochran infusing every scene with distinction. Manchester is mad about it. Londoners can eat gala dinners on Christmas Night, Boxing Night and New Year's Eve at the Savoy with inclusive rates for bed and breakfast—"where I dines I sleeps"—(their midnight cabaret has begun again with Vic Oliver). Friendly Americans and Canadians are asked to swell the Empire exchequer by spending Christmas in Nassau, which, unlike Bermuda, is not suffering from lack of tourists—apart from the English rich. By appointing Mr. J. W. Oppe of Montreal as his A.D.C. the governor has broken wisely with tradition, Nassau being the Canadian Riviera. People who blandly say it ought to be handed to the U.S.A. in settlement of the last war debt, reckon without the great dominion. (After this war England will be shining Canada's boots, just as we did America's.) A Canadian, Colonel Frederic Wanklyn, commends the Bahamian Home Defence Force. Having asked for sixty volunteers

he got three hundred in an hour, most of whom begged to go to Europe thereby recalling the spirit manifested in the Great War when the Bahamian archipelago sent five hundred trained soldiers; one unit being commended for its valour in a charge by Lord Allenby. The Bahamas Legislature, third oldest in the Empire, has relinquished treasured rights by vesting the governor with dictatorial powers for the duration. As mild-but-firm Sir Charles Dundas was at loggerheads with some members of the House of Assembly, the war presents a solution! Lady Dundas's Red Cross Fund starts with £1,000 from Lady (Harry) Oakes. No Nassau for Commander "Jimmy" Dugdale, and no Swiss for Major "Jimmy" Coats, but another "Jim" (Lawrence) is giving his support to Colonel Moore-Brabazon and Captain Hubert Martineau (engaged at the House and the War House respectively) for a St. Moritz evening at the Dorchester on the 16th. If this is not the best party of the first war winter I will eat my Kandahar

And the World Said—*continued*

boots. Dinner at eight; no cabaret, no auction; men not expected to wear evening clothes, but women are asked to re-create "that imaginative sartorial extravagance peculiar to normal life at St. Moritz." Cresta rider Carl Nater of Cartier's, who is mobilized, will be missed. The Oberland guides are scattered. Otto Furrer, in uniform, called at the Lac, Inter-laken, informing Miss Gertrude Hofmann of an emasculated Swiss National Ski Championship to be raced at Gstaad; Glatthardt is a sergeant-major in a cavalry regiment; Willy Steuri in an Alpine regiment, somewhere above the snow line. The pontiff of Mürren, writing his way round the Balkans, is encouraged by increasing confidence in the Allies' ultimate victory; a view held in Hungary, Croatia and Belgrade, where architecture reminiscent of Babbitt's Zenith was compensated for him by "nice Eastern smells." Mr. Lunn liked Zagreb, the Serbs being sympathetic to England though deluged with German propaganda. Wherever he goes he hears The British Council praised for readiness to listen to men on the spot and for getting things done quickly. Yet "The Londoner's Diary" deems it an extravagance, which view is not held by Lord Kinross to whom I attributed it under a common misapprehension that he edits this interesting page, whereas the job and the view are Mr. Hamilton's; Patrick Kinross being a big contributor on the anonymous team. Sympathy for the Allied cause, such as "Arni" is encountering, can only have been deepened by acute sympathy for Finland, in which America shares more than in any spontaneous human reaction since the *Athenia*. The Finnish Minister and his wife (Peggy Mosley-Williams from Cheshire) have many friends in the United States where she worked among the Indians after ambulance driving in the Great War. A fine, dutiful, humorous couple, their present anxieties are everybody's business. That Russia and Germany do our propaganda *gratis* does not deter Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort from exporting cuttings and White Papers to acquaintances in the U.S. who, however much they suspect official British propaganda (unlike Queen Anne, George III has never died), welcome the personal touch. We salute this far-sighted trainer, likewise didactic Lord Raglan for refusing to twiddle his thumbs at the State's expense, and Mr. O. T. Norris, the cricketer, for returning his office to London where his pianist daughter, Jean, lunched out with Pamela Harrison, a pretty young composer with a new string quartette in her bag.

Musicians, senators and artists frequent Miss Sarah Purser's salon in Dublin every second Tuesday of the month. Sir John Maffey looks like becoming a regular. Sir Joseph Glynn, Lady Dunalley and Lord Longford enlarge the ever-widening Irish-Polish circle, raising relief funds. The very poorest contribute feely as fresh horrors become known. The

Anglo-Polish novelist Martin Hare (whose "Polonaise" went to press the day Poland mobilized) is safe in Lithuania after four weeks on foot, often without food. She and her husband, Count Zajdlerowa, lost everything, but more fortunate than others they possess relations in Cheshire and her pen. Members of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, having fraternized with the Polish Group in Oslo in August, want news of Madame Debska and her distinguished husband who, during the State performance of *The Doll's House* whispered "There's enough sorrow in the world without Ibsen." The chairman of the British Group, Colonel Arthur Evans, who can get no reassuring news of Polish colleagues, has gone to France again; last time he enlisted at the tough age of fifteen and ten months. Letters from "the semi-detached front" are steeped in boredom. The gifted nature artist "Fish-Hawk" is killing time illustrating another bird book, but later he intends to warble on a deeper note, with cartoons of "How not to Run an Army." Another correspondent reviles Mr. Hore-Belisha for "upsetting the troops with chat about leave." The boys are safer in France anyway; as safe as the girls at the Abri, where lunchers include "Lex" Wilson in wings, Mrs. Vivian Cornelius, Frank Covell, Lady Ennisdale and *par exception* Lady Dunedin, who usually stays home with her wonderful husband. A charming *tableau* at the opening of Parliament was provided by both royal dukes and duchesses congratulating Lord Dunedin on his ninetieth. The Duchess of Kent is looking like a rose. She says Scotch air results in too healthy an appetite, but this shade more weight becomes her. H.R.H. is full of good works in the vicinity of Dunfermline, hallowed burial place of Scots kings, deid lang syne. I wonder if this attractive royal pair realize how sincerely Australia regrets them, while fully appreciating the Gowries, whose only son, Patrick Hore-Ruthven, has had a son born in Dublin. "Just as aeroplanes were making Australia such a grand place to live, with people coming and going, and five services a week, Hitler had to set us back" says Sydney correspondent who noted Lady Gowrie's godson, Hugo Brassey, acting A.D.C.; real ones having

gone home. Mr. "Bob" Menzies is considered an excellent Prime Minister for bad times. Mr. "Dick" Casey, who did the London blackout and the Western deadlock with the other Dominion Ministers, was to have evacuated from his Canberra house in favour of Lord and Lady Herbert. The Alec Russells, with whom the Duke of Gloucester stayed, gave daughter Virginia a coming-out dance, but all other Sydney parties have been for the Australian Red Cross.

South Africans are just as keen; notably Mrs. Waterson's work party at South Africa House, where I was told "People here seem to think we are a bunch of rebels; whereas every woman in South Africa is working for us—tell that to the troops."



MADAME GRIPENBERG

Dorothy Wilding

The most recently taken portrait of the wife of the Finnish Minister in London, H.E. Georg Achates Gripenberg, the anxieties of whose persecuted country arouse the sympathy of the whole world bar two countries. Madame Gripenberg is English born and was formerly Miss Mosley-Williams

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE



ENGAGED: MISS KAY STAMMERS
AND MR. MICHAEL MENZIES



IN ARIZONA:
MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU



IN NEW YORK: JACK DEMPSEY
AND HIS DAUGHTER, JOAN



IN LONDON: MISS IRENE
VANBRUGH AT A FAIR



LADY RAVENSDALE AND HER SISTER
—LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE



AT NEWBURY: CAPTAIN MORGAN JONES, LADY
FIONA FULLER AND LADY IRENE CRAWFURD

A widely-cast net is the quick title for this little collection which ranges from the borders of Arizona and the Secretary to the United States Treasury in a ten-gallon hat to the Newbury 'Chases with Lady Fiona Fuller, wife of Sir Gerard who is adjutant to one of the Tins regiments, and her elder sister, Lady Irene Crawford. Captain Morgan Jones is in the same regiment as Sir Gerard Fuller. One of England's brightest tennis stars is engaged to Mr. Michael Menzies who is waiting for his commission in the Guards and they have been snowed under with congratulations. "Demp" and daughter had the skids on at a famous New York ice-rink. Dempsey never wore these things when he was champ but some of his opponents did. Miss Irene Vanbrugh was at the United States Xmas Fair at the May Fair, and so were Lady Ravensdale and her sister, daughters of the late Lord Curzon's first wife

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

The Film Answers Back

I HAVE been greatly amused by "The Film Answers Back," a book in which Mr. E. W. and Miss M. M. Robson by taking a historical view of the cinema have arrived at two truly astonishing conclusions. One is that the sensitivity of the box office has constantly impelled film producers to make pictures upon an ever-rising standard of quality and cultural value, whatever their own inclinations may have been! The other is that films reflect the basic national culture of the country producing that film! About the first I shall be content to say that nobody will be more surprised when he hears about his cultural value than the Great Hogwash himself. The second conclusion deserves closer examination, and perhaps the best way will be to quote some of our authors' instances.

They begin with the last war, and there is really no reason why they should not, since that is just about the time when the film, as we now know it, began. We are told that distracted Europe demanded an escape from objective reality, and that it found that escape in Expressionism, Futurism, Cubism, and Dadaism. We are told that it was because of the war that Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose" and "Dear Brutus" came to be written. All of which to my mind is like saying that some poet, or more probably poetess, seeking escape from the horrors of the Crimean War and the condition of the wounded at Scutari, sat down to write "Mary Had A Little Lamb." Do not our authors realize that Sir James Barrie was born to write "Mary Rose," had been writing it from the time of his first putting pen to paper, and would have written if there had never been any war? Our authors seem to have the oddest notions of escape. On the one hand it is Barrie with his "strange fairies and enchanted islands and magic trees." On the other hand it is *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* which is "the supreme expression of headlong flight from a world become too horrible to contemplate; flight to an escape world of introversion, of speculation, amid the apparently inscrutable workings of the human mind; flight to the prostrate worship of the ego, to subjectivism." And our authors go on to ask: "Is there a more perfect allegory of Europe 1919? Could symbolism reflect more closely the bitter outside reality? In a hundred or a thousand years from now, which is likely to be regarded as the truer reflection of the social reality which was Mittel-Europa in 1919, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* or, say, the numerous volumes of statesmen's memoirs?" And I should like to ask them which is the truer reflection of the social reality of the period under discussion—"Dr. Caligari" or "Mary Rose"? Things which reflect the same thing should have resemblance. Or shouldn't they? All this appears to be no new thing. It was happening, it seems, in the cases of writers like Robert Louis Stevenson and Oscar Wilde. Dr. Jekyll represents sound and healthy English culture. Mr. Hyde stands for the English culture which went out to kill the Boers. Dorian Gray is another divided personality who is good or bad apparently as his country is behaving well or naughtily. It appears that both authors were escapists—Stevenson escaping to Samoa and Wilde, presumably, to Wandsworth!

And now, reader, prepare for our authors' King Charles's Head, the head in their case being of all persons that of Adolf Hitler. In *The Vessel of Wrath* Ginger Ted is "unashamedly ogling the courtroom full of attractive native girls, and being ogled by them in turn. When sentence of one month is pronounced, one of these girls flies to him and protests, and there are screams of protest from all the other girls. The significance of this scene is staggering when one remembers the identical position of the blacksmith who is the king of the wet-nurses in the Göbbels-Göring inspiration, *Der Ammenkoenig*. Amidst the protests of all the charming village girls to whom he has been the communal bull, the blacksmith, too, is threatened with imprisonment by the decadent forces of democratic law and order, who still possess a modicum of human decency, who dare defy the spirit of Hitler, Göbbels, Göring, by interfering with their little bit of fun in the village!" *Second Best Bed* is another film which is possessed by the Führer motif! Nor is Will Hay



DEANNA DURBIN IN "FIRST LOVE"

The new Deanna Durbin film, *First Love*, which marks the child singing star's official admission to grown-up ranks with her first screen kiss, comes to the Leicester Square Theatre next week on December 22. Deanna is seen as a poor relation who beats her snobbish cousin (played by Helen Parrish) in a rivalry over a good-looking young man (played by Robert Stack) and plays Cinderella at a ball while a policeman friend holds her unkind relatives in jail. Shortly put, it is an Americanised version of the ancient story—Prince, Fairy Godmother and all. The only difference is that instead of a little pumpkin coach they have got a police car

immune: "Every one knows Will Hay in the part of the comic schoolmaster of Narkover School. He is supposed to be parodying the Public School, although, in practice, he shows that a weak, irresponsible schoolmaster won't do at all, and so helps to strengthen the conviction that the Führer schoolmaster is really the only type worth supporting." Do readers remember *The Last Laugh* in which a resplendently-uniformed hotel commissionaire fell from grace and became a lavatory attendant? Hear our authors on the subject: "This part was uncannily well played by Emil Jannings. Is it not clear that subjectivism, which is the anti-social preoccupation with self, finds one of its compensations in a childish penchant for uniforms, black or brown, with or without buttons? There is an unmistakable link between this kind of unhealthy preoccupation in German culture and the subsequent establishment of the Third Reich. Is not General Göring the highest expression of this aspect of pathological subjectivism? Are not his uniforms the subject of Homeric laughter right round the world?"

And so we go on. The cheat in Sacha Guitry's *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* is the Führer-Cheat. The headmaster in the stage play, *The Housemaster*, is the Führer-Headmaster. The Big Bad Wolf is the Führer. Of *The Good Earth* we are apprised that this "socially estimable film contains one pernicious element, the Führer principle in a father who exercises his supreme authority and selfishness by beating his grown-up son." Froufrou in the film of that name wants to be buried in the white dress with pink rosebuds. And we are to believe that this concern to look well at the end derives from the same source as General Göring's passion for uniform—"an incredibly unhealthy preoccupation with the ego, subjectivism of the worst kind."

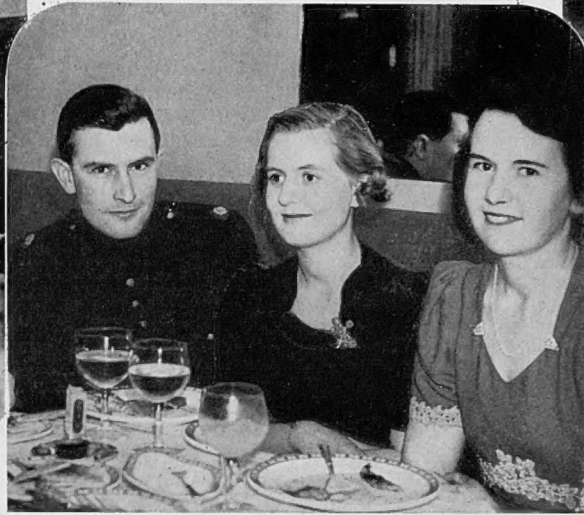
And last: "There are elements of subjectivism, regretably, in Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*!" Truly, as my very old friend Basil Macdonald Hastings used to say, there's nothing like consulting a highbrow if you want to read something that is funny as well as daft.

J.A.



LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE AND
MR. RODERICK MORE-O'FERRALL
AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

BRIGHTENING UP IN THE BLACKOUTS



THE HON. MICHAEL FITZALAN-HOWARD,
MISS MARGARET NEWMAN AND THE
HON. MARIEGOLD FITZALAN-HOWARD



MR. RORY MORE-O'FERRALL
AND LADY BEATTY
ALSO AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

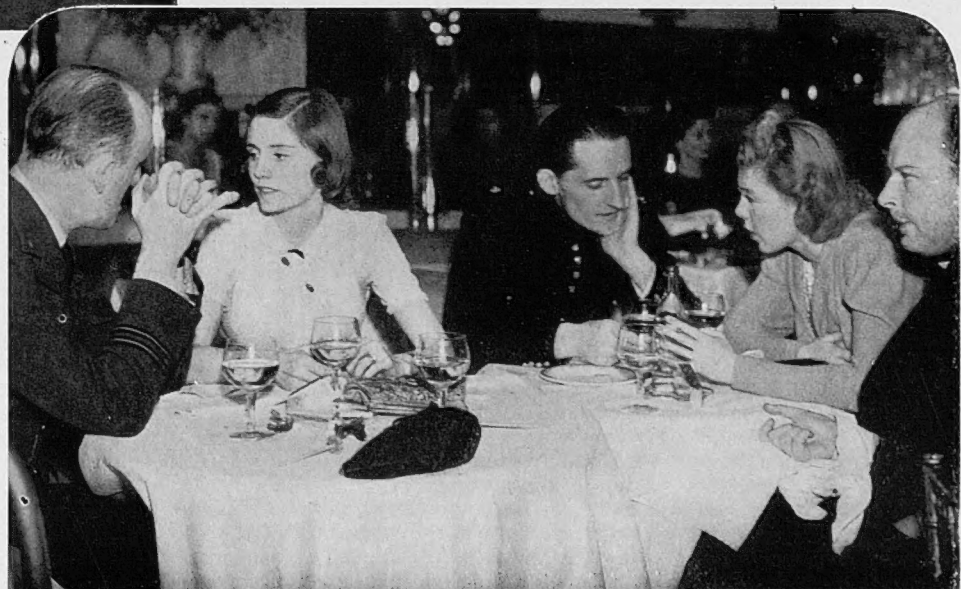


MRS. RAYMOND DAVIS, LADY BLUNT, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT
PEACOCK AND MR. RAYMOND DAVIS AT QUAGLINO'S



ALSO (IN FRONT) LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH, MISS
BARBARA McNEIL, THE HON. MICHAEL ASTOR AND
MISS DINAH BRAND

A glimpse of London's night life, which, in spite of sandbags, black-out and the savage snarling from across the North Sea, goes on much as usual, the only noticeable difference being that almost all the lads are in uniform and the lassies in not quite glad rags. This gallery of portraits was collected at two main strong points in the West End, the Café de Paris and Quaglino's, and most of the originals are well known to society "regulars." Lady Tichborne, who is with Mr. Roderick More-O'Ferrall, who had been to the Newmarket sales, is a daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge. Sir Harold is a former chairman of Hurlingham. The Hon. Michael and the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard are a son and daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and the Baroness Beaumont. Lady Beatty was the former Mrs. Dorothy Sands, and Lord Beatty, but for a bad fall out hunting and the war, would have been joint-Master of the Quorn. He has gone back to the sea. Lady Blunt, wife of Sir John Blunt, is a daughter of Captain J. B. Harrison-Broadley, a former Master of the Holderness. Lord Andrew Cavendish, who is in one of the other groups, in which is also the Hon. Michael Astor, is the Duke of Devonshire's younger son. The Countess de Bendor, who is with Lady Veronica Hornby, Lord Dufferin's sister, and some more of a merry party, is Lord Queensberry's daughter by his first marriage



SIR ANTHONY WELDON, THE COUNTESS DE
BENDOR, MR. MORE O'FERRALL, LADY
VERONICA HORNBY AND MR. JOCK EVELYN

Photos by A. V. Swaabe



AT THE NEWMARKET DECEMBER SALES

Miss Betsy Tyler, the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, who is Lord St. David's only sister, and Miss Ada Lewis facing up to the straw and the stressful weather on the second day of the bloodstock sales when the Aga Khan's yearlings and some of Lord Derby's horses were the main *plats* in the by no means undistinguished list

It has been computed by "military experts" that it takes from five to seven men to keep one soldier in the front line trenches. This margin is no doubt to allow for (a) the size of the soldier, and (b) his reluctance to remain in the front line trenches. Who these military experts are, who created them experts and how they came by their expertness I have been unable to trace. Certainly they are never officers who held high rank in or conducted the previous war, for within a year of any armistice books appear discrediting each one as a congenital halfwit and a mass murderer. No, these experts *have* to be experts to justify the enormous expense of keeping them in gay towns like Copenhagen, from which our only source of news seems to come. Nevertheless, if genius is the "infinite capacity for taking pains" which it has been alleged to be, then we have some very promising genii (or geniuses, have it your own way!) in the British Army. I have before me a memo:

"It has been brought to notice that Trouser Buttons are pulled off by the braces within a few days of issue. Please report to this headquarter whether this failure has been found to be general in your unit."

As this emanated from a very high authority for circulation down to the most infinitesimal units, it just shows the thoroughness and pains taken over what to the non-military expert like you and me would seem to be a trivial detail. You or I would merely have sent a memo to the clothing department to sew the buttons on with stronger thread, and by rushing in where angels feared to tread have precipitated a crisis. Back would have come a memo, so secret that it would have to have been opened in a dark room, to say that "Thread packing Mark III * was only available in small quantities," followed by further obstacles in the way of "needles thread packing Mark III * for the use of, were obsolete," and that "Thimbles for needles for thread packing Mark III * were not issuable on form G1098" and so on, like "the green grass grew all around and around." In consequence our army would have gone over the top to a series of muffled explosions, walking like the man in the circus with web hind legs.

The man who is fighting his way to genius will do far better than this. Having sifted all the returns and reports he will get a Ministry of Buttons formed, with himself as the button representative of the Lord's Anointed, and in course of time issue trousers with adhesive abdominal belts, buttons held on by split pins or fit every soldier with a mechanical third hand in case of accidents.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

I do not know if I am alone in finding that the war has had a very softening influence on tradesmen, or the people who send out their accounts. Instead of the rather "stand and deliver" type of missive which used to waste one's time heretofore, the technique is entirely different. Only the other day I received one of these. Starting "Now that Othello's job has gone," which I take to be a quotation from the Christmas number of his trade journal, it went on to talk of battling on in the face of adversity to keep men in employment and thus help to defeat the enemies of freedom and democracy. All this for £1 18s. 6d. which it was hoped I would settle "in full, part or by post-dated cheque"! With patriotic feelings quickened and with a slight lump rising in the throat I buzzed a postal order for half a dollar on account, hoping in these days of the lost art of letter-writing to keep this charming correspondence going for some weeks at a diminutive cost.

Having been brought up with horses and looked on motors and aeroplanes merely as means of getting about, I hadn't realized in this mechanical age the affection and pride which a rather drab-looking lorry or tractor can engender in its driver and crew, yet it is so. With the shortage of copy experienced by our war correspondents in this present radio holocaust I wonder they haven't produced something on the sobstuff lines of "Snarley Yow," or an interview with the oldest lead driver in captivity amended to mechanically-propelled vehicles.

"She's a friend, she's almost 'uman," said driver I. C. (internal combustion) proudly, patting the matt flanks of a



LADY DARESBURY

Another of the brave who braved the weather—suitably protected as will be noted. As every one knows Lady Daresbury is the wife of one of the Belvoir Masters. Lady Daresbury bought the four-year-old Jubilee for 100 guineas

rather *passé* 30cwt. "Many's the 'airpin corner we've been in together. Never given a moment's anxiety, 'cept once when I thought we was going to lose 'er." Here, the veteran's voice trembled and (Contd. on page xiv)



AND MRS. CLAYTON AND THE EARL OF HAREWOOD

Lord Harewood was not in the buyers' list the day the Aga Khan's nineteen yearlings went for 35,110 guineas, about half of what they might have fetched, under normal conditions, but he was nevertheless a much interested observer. The Duchess of Norfolk (per Mr. Bancroft) is the accredited new owner of Selim Hassan by Hyperion for 4,000 guineas (top price)

NEWMARKET SALES AND A DAY WITH THE BUCCLEUCH



THE HON. MRS. JOHN STOURTON
AND COLONEL SIR WILLIAM WALDRON



MR. AND MRS. ADRIAN SCROPE
AND MR. NOEL CANNON (RIGHT)



MISS BETSY TYLER AND
CAPTAIN LEWIS



MRS. COCHRANE AND LORD AND LADY CRAIGMYLE
AT A BUCCLEUCH MEET



L. TO R. (ON FOOT) MRS. BRECKENRIDGE, CAPTAIN BRECKENRIDGE,
MISS McIVOR, MRS. RODGERSON, AND PROVOST ROBERTS OF SELKIRK

Considering all the surrounding circumstances, people soldiering, people saving, and people not knowing "how long," the December Sales were not so bad. As usual, a number of horses in training were in the lists, to which distinction was lent by the inclusion of all the yearlings bred and owned by the Aga Khan, who has decided temporarily to curtail his interests—a measure of merely common prudence. The Hon. Mrs. John Stourton is with her father, Colonel Sir William Waldron, a former Sheriff of London, who has raised thousands of pounds for local charities in Fulham and is Honorary Colonel of an Anti-Aircraft Division of the R.A.S.C. The Hon. John Stourton, who was an 18th Hussar ("by birth"), is Lord Mowbray and Stourton's brother. The other pictures are devoted to the Buccleuch, in their country of "flake" gates—which you cannot open—walls, and other obstacles, the day they met at Ashkirk, in Selkirkshire. Lord Craigmyle, who is in one of the groups, married the eldest daughter of the first Lord Inchcape, the renowned shipping magnate

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Flight from A Lady and Back Again.

LOTS of men in love fondly imagine they have regained their freedom when their beloved merely allows them temporarily a longer length of rope. That is the worst of that kind of love, the common kind—there is no escape from it except a long absence, with new sex-attractions or satiety. Women know this perfectly well, and desperately fight against it. Hence the male legend that they are an enigma. Instinctively they know that there is nothing enigmatical about them. They merely realise where danger to themselves lies, and struggle desperately to avoid it. Jealous anger leaves them perfectly cold. So does a lover's hurt. So, too, does a lover's flight; always providing that he fondly imagines he is making his escape. He will come back, she knows. She can afford to wait. "The silly 'mutt,'" she calls him in her heart of hearts. He would find his freedom far quicker if he stayed until he had got sick of her. And women know this by instinct. Which is why, I sometimes think, they are so uncertain in their moods towards the men who love them. And men think that these withdrawals are incomprehensible, whereas they are simply animal technique—like two cats on a wall.

So as soon as I read on the first page of Mr. A. G. Macdonell's love-story, written from a new angle—"Flight from a Lady" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)—"Ha-ha! I've bilked you after all, you silly little girl. I've escaped from you at last and I'm never coming back. To me at this moment the loveliest line in all English poetry is King Lear's "Never, never, never, never!" I'll never see your cold blue eyes again. I'll never tremble again when I hear your footsteps coming down a passage. I'm through. It's all finished. Good-bye, you little donkey." I laughed! Well, so far as love is concerned, it was the writer who was the silly little donkey. She of the cold blue eyes, I can well imagine, went calmly to her morning bath, wondering how soon, this week or next month, he would once more be kissing the hem of her garment, or whatever action is considered necessary to show a passionate servitude. And this indeed happened; but as every reader will guess the result from the beginning, the joy the story gives doesn't depend in the least on the "Lady"; it's the "Flight" which provides the book's real recommendation.

The story is written in a series of letters, and someone had to be their recipient. The lady did very well for the purpose. She was beautiful, apparently a gold-digger, an ardent collector of admiration, with an unfeminine expert knowledge of food and wine. Otherwise, she didn't appear to have much in her. But in love, what does that matter? One of its most astonishing aspects is the dust it throws with such unerring aim into the lover's eyes. So that the most unpropitious women find husbands, and those destined to be perfect wives and mothers get left on the shelf. I sometimes think that the greatest surprise in marriage must eventually be what, in fact, you have married! Some people discover a pleasant surprise; others never quite recover from their astonishment! I dare say this lady, after she had married the man who fled from her, will be much more mentally and spiritually disturbed than ever she was by the violently anti-loving letters which she received daily from him during his flight! And he will not find much peace if his portrait of her, in the first flash of his imagined freedom, is anything to go upon.

However, as I wrote above, what brought about the flight matters little; nor the lady very much. This is really

a travel-book, an amusing, witty, wise travel-book, with chunks of politics and philosophy thrown at the reader rather in the manner of inescapable slogans. The travelling is done by air in a private aeroplane, chartered from a Dutch company, and the countries flown over and visited. cross Europe and a great part of Asia. And the flight itself is as much determined by jealous anger with the lady as by boredom and disgust of European life as Europe has made of human

life an unhappy prelude to a happy dying. All the same, this is as difficult a book to review as any I have come across for some time. One could so easily make it sound banal and ordinary. It is as far removed from either of these blemishes as it is possible to be. In reality, it is so much more a spiritual flight than merely a physical or romantic one. It is almost the despairing protest of a cultured, freedom-denied, freedom-loving man against the ugly imprisonment which politicians and science have made of the world, and romantic convention has made of at least one physical human need.

The great classical stories of gods and goddesses are debunked of their poetical glamour; civilisation, except as it occasionally shows itself, only immediately to be obliterated, is denounced; women's mental and spiritual sympathy with dictatorship—since freedom of the soul and the mind mean so little, if anything, to the average woman—these attitudes of mind are brought to play on a travel-book which begins in the expensive stuffiness of Mayfair, and really ends in the Asiatic desert, which, so to speak, is for ever waiting and watching its opportunity to obliterate men, women, and the mess they have made of beauty and achievement between them. "Our system of what we delight to call civilisation is almost at the mercy of the strolling Bedouins.

We buy oil-wells and we build refineries, and we clamp down a pipe across a thousand miles of sand, and we heap up great battleships and we feed the battleships on the oil which comes across the sand from the wells, and all the time the Desert is watching. The Desert has seen Moses come, and Joshua, and Richard of

(Continued on page 356)



"Douglas"

LIEUT. THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN, R.N.

At the early age of twenty Lord Milford Haven has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. His father and his grandfather, who was Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Sea Lord on the outbreak of the last war, and his uncle, Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, have handed on the great sea tradition to him. In more peaceful times Lord Milford Haven is one of the Navy's polo hopes, and if ever he attains to the standard in that game of his uncle he will be more than just a "hope"



MRS. JACK HYLTON

Mrs. Jack Hylton, wife of the famous band leader, who so successfully conducted her own band and toured with it all over the British Isles and on the Continent, is, after a well-earned rest, busy forming a new band with which she intends to start early in the New Year

TO SEE BY STARLIGHT



MYRNA LOY, AGAIN TO STAR WITH WILLIAM POWELL
IN "ANOTHER THIN MAN"



RAY MILLAND, SONJA HENIE, AND ROBERT CUMMINGS
IN "EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT"

Several of the West End's cinemas which were temporarily closed have reopened now that the Government's six o'clock closing order has been rescinded, and these pictures bear witness that there is plenty of lively fare to fill their screens. Myrna Loy is working with William Powell, who is back on the set after a long illness, on the third of the very successful *Thin Man* series. *Man About Town*, which stars, as well as attractive Betty Grable, glamorous Dorothy Lamour, of sarong fame, and Jack Benny, is generally released this week.

Betty Grable will also be seen soon in *Million Dollar Legs*, with Jackie Coogan, which comes out on January 22. Sonja Henie, who has more than once proved herself in the same high class as an actress that she occupies as a skater, has the support of Ray Milland, star of Anthony Asquith's very successful version of *French Without Tears*, in her new film, *Everything Happens at Night*, now in production



BETTY GRABLE, STAR OF "MAN ABOUT TOWN"
AND IN "MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

England, Saladin and Guy de Luisignan, and General Bonaparte and Allenby, and is the Desert any weaker or less tenacious than it was all that time ago? Once it was a matter of saving wheeled transport on the roads. Then it was a matter of saving rail transport. And now it is a matter of saving the Pipe-Line."

Thoughts from "Flight from a Lady."

"There are two places where the man ought to be allowed to feel that he is a god. One of those is at the restaurant table when he has the wine-list in his hand; the other is in bed."

"The Dictators are feminine. They find themselves in power, and they exploit their power ruthlessly."

Edwardian Seaside.

People often remark after they have been abroad that they never in England see so many of the type of very strange British female as they discover on their travels. I wonder why? Choose any large South Coast seaside resort, and I can show you hundreds. Only you don't notice them so much, perhaps because there are so many younger specimens heading towards the same figures of mirthless fun. You can watch their decline into the physical frump yearly. Very few Englishwomen hold the charming secret of growing old gracefully. Either they go all unbecomingly to pieces soon after forty-five, or imagine that painting their faces and dressing-up as a young girl will successfully disguise their age and add twenty years on to their youth. And, for some strange reason, they are drawn, as if hypnotised, towards the sea. And they bring their strange behaviour with them. Sometimes I find it hard to believe that someone, somewhere, loves them deeply. That the vacant-looking elderly lady, whose eyes watch everybody without taking anything else in, is somebody's "Dear Auntie May."

In spite of his affectionate memory of his elderly cousins and their friends, whom Mr. David Horner brings back to life in his delightful book, "Was It Yesterday?" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), I did not find it easy to become very fond of them myself. I dare say, in reality, even the ladies of "Cranford" would be a little boring if you had now to live with them relentlessly, but Mrs. Gaskell has dealt with them so tenderly, with such quiet humour and love, that one revisits them from time to time with as much eagerness as if one were returning to some beloved home. Mr. Horner makes his elderly ladies of Frittlesea amusing, but, nevertheless, one would sooner meet them in his book than turn back the clock forty years to find oneself actually an inmate of No. 3, Valetta Terrace. For this is a little autobiography of his own childhood, when as a small boy he used to spend so much of his time with his elderly cousins at Frittlesea, and their friends Miss

Hackbridge and Miss Floud. And Frittlesea might well be St. Leonards, or Worthing, or almost any seaside town in England as they were in the pre-motoring days, or even as they are to-day, if you belong to a church and it is the pivot of your entire life-interest. Nevertheless, although he recounts these youthful days with an affection which greater life-experience has now tinged with humour, it is when he spent a long holiday at the French seaside town of Moulinville that he really enjoyed himself most of all. As, perhaps, we do too, because his description of French family life at the seaside is much more fun. He wasn't living with relations, nor surrounded with that subtle and well-intentioned uplift, willy-nilly, which is still so characteristic of elderly female British relatives *vis-à-vis* the young, and pervades rather too much the country as a whole. In Frittlesea he was happy; in Moulinville he enjoyed himself. All the same, "Was It Yesterday?" is all the way through a delightful book. Quietly amusing and full of characters who, because of some

near-eccentricity, are always entertaining company. Besides which it paints a picture of English seaside life which everyone not too blatantly young will know and remember. It is like being shot back into the past, a kindly, strait-laced, mentally and emotionally narrow past; which, nevertheless, is always such an enchanting journey, especially when you know that this kind of past can't imprison you again.

Nazi Germany.

Mr. Rothay Reynolds' enthralling book, "When Freedom Shrieked" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), may not prove as popular as the kind of book which prophesies Hitler's imminent disappearance, he and his evil gang; but it is infinitely better worth reading. The author was for many years the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, and was brought into close contact with Nazidom in its early stages; indeed, he knew Imperial Germany, as well as Imperial Russia. He has lived with it, watching its development, since the end of the Great War, so his remark that the tyranny under the Tsars is not to be compared with the tyranny under the Nazis is worth noting. Nor does he believe, and this from his own personal experience, that the rise of National Socialism was the result of the Versailles Treaty, and the misery and privation of post-war Germany as its consequence. Rather is it the development of an underground movement which was only carefully concealed behind the Weimar Republic. In fact,

this is one of the most interesting and comprehensive studies of Germany since the end of the Great War until the present day which I have ever read. It is a grim and terrible picture, but it is painted without prejudice, and it makes us understand exactly what decency and civilisation are up against, besides forcing us to wonder also how victory for the Allies, when it comes to pass, will eradicate the evil in German psychology from which the present conflict springs.



Yvonne Gregory

MRS. HARVEY CROMBIE

A recent portrait of the wife of Commander Harvey Crombie, R.N. Mrs. Crombie was formerly Miss Rosemary Style, and is the daughter of General and Mrs. Rodney Style, of Wierton Grange, near Maidstone, and a cousin of Sir William Style. She was presented at Court this season on her marriage, which took place in 1934

FIGHTING UNITS : No. 10



AN R.A.F. STATION—BY "MEL"

This station, situated not a thousand miles from "Somewhere," is distinguished by the presence of Flying Officer Andrew McPherson, who was last month decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross by the King. The citation at the ceremony said: "F.O. McPherson carried out reconnaissance flights early in September, and on one occasion was forced by extremely bad weather conditions to fly close to the enemy coast at very low altitudes. These flights made possible a successful raid on enemy naval forces." And now that these successful raids are becoming more frequent, the importance of these early reconnaissance flights and the gallantry of the R.A.F. personnel who took part in them is obvious even to the uninstructed



Stuart

THE 4th ANTI-TANK REGIMENT RUGBY SIDE

This team beat the King's College School side at Wimbledon in a recent encounter by 15 points (3 goals) to 9 points (one try and two penalty goals). The opposition is on the page facing this one

The names are: (l. to r., standing) L./Sergt. Straker, Cnr. Lewis, Cnr. Wilsdin, Cnr. Pearson, Cnr. Cole, Cnr. Hoare, L./Bdr. Roddis, L./Bdr. Noall; (sitting) Bdr. Moore, 2nd Lieut. Boase, 2nd Lieut. Hampton, 2nd Lieut. Gardiner (captain), 2nd Lieut. Canfer, Bdr. Johnson, Bdr. Fraser; (on ground) Cnr. John, Cnr. Renne

"BY the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes!" This was the burden of a prophecy, based upon recent events, by a very astute and erudite person, who must perforce remain anonymous. A prophet has no honour in his own country. This is not The Prophet's country. He is therefore worthy of a hearing.

This is the gist of what he has said and has, so I believe, communicated to certain other persons of three nations who must

though Russia's surface fleet is entirely negligible, she has the biggest submarine navy in the world. (4) That, this being so, her advent on the scene as an Atlantic Power concerns not only the present belligerents, but every Power with an Atlantic trade. (5) That, if the belligerents could be persuaded to take a very wide-angled view, they would see that their present quarrel is like pebbles rattled inside a tin can compared to the far bigger issue. (6) That, if the Germans have any sense—which The Prophet doubts, since they have a megalomaniac at their head—they will at once compose their Western differences and use their land forces to "contain" the forces on their Eastern front. (7) That, if Great Britain and France have any sense, they will ship their armies to Sweden *before it is too late* and while the sea-road is still open. (8) That the combined naval forces of the three Powers, plus America, plus Italy, must, for their own safety, bar the egress from the Baltic and the Black Sea of Russian submarine forces.

All this is very startling and puts a new angle on things: but who dare say that The Prophet's ideas are in any way fantastic? The German leader talks of becoming Emperor of the British Empire: he assures us that he can fight till the cows come home and is independent of supplies from the outside world; he knows that he is talking through his hat; he knows that Russia has let him down; that Stalin has made rings round Ribbentrop; he knows that the Czech and Polish murders are indefensible; he knows that every bear looks big till a bigger bear comes on the scene; he knows that in his present adventure the winner has already passed the post, even if he is not yet home and dried; unless he is blinder than even we think he is, he must see what is coming unless something very drastic is changed. Perhaps he may even believe that The Prophet may be right. Anyway, I think that it is worth while letting The Prophet's ideas be known, since, as has been said, he is a very wise person who can see a very long way through a brick wall.

AT CHELTENHAM 'CHASES

Mr. John Pritt, Mr. S. D. Player, Miss Sylvia Lloyd-Thomas, and Mrs. S. D. Player at the best jump course from the spectators' and all other points of view, where, as ever, the card was a good one

The sinking (ship) feeling from which some people appear to be suffering argues a very short recollection. Why not cast back to those times when we

Pictures in the Fire

decide, and very quickly, whether he is worth listening to: (1) The Powers engaged upon the Western deadlock must drop it like a red-hot coal and combine against a common peril—the Muscovite. (2) That, unless they do, it can only be a matter of moments, comparatively speaking, before Russia overruns the rest of the Scandinavian countries and obtains naval bases of operation on the Atlantic seaboard. (3) That



DOWN SOMERSET WAY

Sqn.-Ldr. W. Neville Cumming and Mrs. Cumming, the former Miss Jean Hockin, a celebrated Vancouver "lovely." Sqn.-Ldr. Cumming is descended from the Scots clan of Comyn, one of whom was done in by The Bruce. He flew the first "Clipper" from New York to Bermuda



Swaebe

IN TOWN LAST WEEK

Captain Heathcoat-Amory, whose family is so well known in the Tiverton country down Devon way, with Miss Hersey Coke at that famous spot, Quaglinos. War or no war, people have still got to look after the inner man and woman

By "SABRETACHÉ"



MISS MONICA FLEMMING WITH THE WESTON HARRIERS

Miss Flemming's father is Honorary Colonel of the 11th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry. Whelps from this famous Somersetshire pack have been in great demand in America. On the outbreak of this war a number of hounds had to be put down, which was most unfortunate

Horsemanship," "that would bring the youthful generation up to the stage when they might benefit by the latter book." I am sure that this book will help to do the trick—that is to say, if anyone of any age can learn to ride by reading about it. Personally, I do not believe they can, any more than anyone can learn hound language from the printed word—which I am absolutely certain they cannot. This was attempted in another book for



ANOTHER LONDON TOWN PICTURE

Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. P. B. Joubert de la Ferté, also at Quaglinos, like their opposite numbers on the other page. Air Vice-Marshal Joubert de la Ferté was originally a Gunner, but went to the R.F.C. as long ago as 1913

were compelled really to tighten our belts; when Germany had about ten times the number of submarines that she has to-day: still possessed a very fine and highly efficient fleet in being, and her armies ashore were far better and better supplied than are her present forces. We seem to have forgotten the almost-black bread, the quarter of a pound of often inferior meat per week, the almost unobtainable sugar, the famine in butter, and the quite execrable imported bacon.

The stress was far greater then than, for all the frothings of the homicidal maniac in Germany, it can ever be again.

The two situations are not on all-fours. A sense of proportion is a priceless possession, a lack of it a curse to ourselves and everyone within range. It might do some of the frayed ones a lot of good to re-read the play about another homicidal maniac, King John, particularly that passage in the Dauphin's exhortation which begins: "Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury, and with a great heart heave away the storm; Commend these waters to those baby eyes that never saw the giant world enraged. . . ."

"Horsemen All," by Major-General Geoffrey Brooke (Constable), is described in its sub-title as "For Members of the Rising Generation and Young and Aspiring Horsemen," and the author says that it is the outcome of many letters asking him if he could not write a forerunner to his other book, "Horse-sense and the youthful generation up to the stage when they might benefit by the latter book." I am sure that this book will help to do the trick—that is to say, if anyone of any age can learn to ride by reading about it. Personally, I do not believe they can, any more than anyone can learn hound language from the printed word—which I am absolutely certain they cannot. This was attempted in another book for "children." Very well-meant and praiseworthy, but impossible. There is only one place where you can learn that sort of thing, and there is only one real tutor in equitation—the horse. However, there could not be found many better lecturers than Major-General Geoffrey Brooke, the main art in lecturing being the capacity to pass your own knowledge on to other people in a form which they can easily understand. I think this book does that. The danger of many of these books is that they may create more little horse-copers than at present exist. The ultra-horsey of any age are an abomination; also they usually are duds. The ones who know, and who have done things, do not talk horse or of their deeds of derring-do. There is one passage in particular in this book which I think might be laid to heart by everyone, young or old, who owns a horse, and it is this: "Shoes should be removed or the pony re-shod once a month. The foot grows most at the toe or four-quarter, and this should be rasped down from underneath when being re-shod to keep the feet in proper condition and shape. If animals are not re-shod regularly they are liable to get corns owing to the heel of the shoe on a growing foot pressing on the seat of corns."



THE KING'S COLLEGE WIMBLEDON XV.

Though the school took the knock from the Anti-Tank Regiment team (see opposite page) by 15 to 9, they have not done too badly over the season and have collected the scalps of both Berkhamsted and U.C.S. More to follow, let us hope!

The names in the group are: (l. to r., standing) D. J. K. Rubin, R. Nightingale, P. Harding, K. Nightingale, J. Cook and —. Glithero; (sitting) G. Fleck, J. K. Campbell, P. S. London, P. M. Bown (captain), O. L. Hughes, P. B. I. Cotton, A. T. J. Boswell; (on ground) D. MacWilliam and D. H. Duvall

If less of the "E's an 'oss and 'e must go" idea prevailed, and people remembered that he needs his feet for locomotion, there would be far fewer casualties in the stable and more pleasure out of it. Anyway, "Horsemen All" is written with that knowledge which we know its author possesses, and is an excellent "school-book" for anyone, young or old.

(Continued on page iv)



ANOTHER CHELTENHAM PICTURE

Captain and Lady Rosemary Gresham, two more of the many who gave Cheltenham 'Chases such a martial air. It is *verboten* to mention any regiments nowadays, but Lady Rosemary Gresham is the Earl of Erroll's only sister and she and her husband live at Little Charrington, Camden, Gloucestershire

THE LOVE-LIFE OF BIMBO CARRUTHERS

By MICHAEL ARLEN

YOUNG Bimbo Carruthers, who prides himself on knowing when he is on to a good thing, shrewdly took advantage of the very first week of the present general confusion to persuade a nice girl, whom he had been annoying for some months past, to accept him in marriage. She is a pretty, slender girl, with a nice kind of grin and those welcoming daft blue eyes which make the heart beat faster.

Bimbo now complains to me that marriage presents some very unreasonable aspects. He is a subaltern in an anti-tank regiment, and he gets little leave from his training. He complains that his short holidays with his loving bride are largely taken up by her annoyance with him because he is jealous.

"And are you?" I asked.

"Who—me? Jealous?"

A quick brain, Bimbo's. "Yes, you," I said patiently.

"Well," says Bimbo, first clearing the throat of the catarrhal and cultural litter and refuse left behind by an expensive education which had firmly refused to teach him English, "well, yes and no. See what I mean, old boy?"

Nodding my head, I played a waiting game. Bimbo's nimble brain then took a prolonged rest, while I reflected on how much the world would have lost had Othello been to a good public school.

"I say, old boy," Bimbo awoke us both to say, "it's the devil and all, what? After all, a fellow has rights, hasn't he? I mean, he doesn't want a crowd around—see what I mean?"

I looked at him bitterly. What was he talking about now—marriage, jealousy or a football match? "Yes and no," I said sulkily.

"Exactly, old boy! Now listen—a fellow wants to be alone with his old cup of tea—so he doesn't want a crowd around. Correct? Put it this way, old boy. I come home on leave—see? Okay, there I come dashing into the love-nest, heart afire, eyes aflame, arms stretched out to loving wife—follow me, old boy?"

"A pretty picture, Bimbo."

"You know, old boy—that hotcha feeling for the jolly old haven of rest. Okay, there I am, primed up to the what-not for a quiet dinner for two—twin soles, see? And what happens? Get a load of this, old boy. She has got it all arranged for us to go bleating around with a whole bally crowd of bally pompoms—can you beat *that* for spitting on the old alliance? So I get annoyed—see? and give her a short reading of the words and music—whereupon, old boy, whereupon, she darn near busts the brassière with rage and calls me a sour old Pasha who's as jealous as stinko."

"How long have you been married, Bimbo?"

"Just on *trois* jolly *mois*, old boy. And what I say is this—when all a fellow wants is to be alone with his—"

"Quite, quite," I said. "And what do you talk about when you *do* get her alone for lunch or tea or dinner?"

The big, blue, brave, blank and balmy eyes of Bimbo Carruthers popped at me as though I had said something in Chinese. "What do I *talk* about, old boy? Well—what *does* a fellow talk about—fellow and his wife? See what I mean?"

"No, I don't," I said bitterly. "Do you?"

Bimbo sighed. The strain of trying to convey thought by means of speech was wearing him down. "I try," he said with dignity, "to do my best—to give the old girl a good time—to give her the merry old ha-ha."

"You mean, Bimbo, that you pass on to the poor helpless creature a selection of the less shady jokes and other bits of offal which have recently amused you and your friends?"

His eyes lit up with the creative gleam. "Old boy," he said, "you heard the one about the girl who was a dwarf?"

"Yes," I said plaintively. "Her father was Scotch. And who cares? Now let's get this straight, Bimbo. Your wife is a very pretty girl of twenty-one. In spite of all that her friends could say, she saw in you her

Lancelot, her Romeo, her dream-hero. And so she married you. You then make love to her in your big-hearted way. Why shouldn't you? Okay; you crash your way into the glamour and romance of a young girl's expectations. Well, she gets used to that. A woman in love with a man can get used to darn near anything, even his love-making. And she gets used to your taking it for granted that, just because you are a man and she is your wife, she must naturally enjoy being made love to just when and how *you* feel like it. These are trivial hardships. But what even the most forgiving bride may find a bit thick is that during the day her husband seldom if ever says anything particularly nice or romantic or flattering to her. So why should she want to be alone with you for every meal? You give her the merry old ha-ha, certainly—but so do her brothers. But she hasn't married her brothers. Do you ever, during the day, flirt with her and make up to her and *woo* her—as you did before she was daft enough to marry you? Have you ever sent her any flowers?"

"Have I sent her flowers? Listen; before we got spliced I sent her—"

"Of course you did. But I believe there is a nice sloppy song called 'Afterwards.' Believe it or not, Bimbo, this word 'afterwards' apparently holds treasures for a woman. Women are crazy, anyway. They want the haziest things, like little attentions afterwards as well as before. And apparently some women, poor simple creatures, are enchanted or disappointed, exalted or embittered, happy or unhappy—by how the Bimbos of life behave afterwards. I wouldn't know why, except that women are crazy."

"But listen, old boy—a fellow doesn't make a practice of sending

flowers—to his wife, I mean. It's sort of foreign—"

"Never mind, Bimbo—you can always keep it a secret from your friends."

"The idea's growing on me, old boy! I can just see her grin when her eyes smite the tulips—she likes tulips." As he got up, his face fell. "Christmas, I can't send 'em dry! I'll have to write a note—something to touch the old girl. How about 'Here's how, Pie-face!'"

My patience was exhausted. "You are sending her flowers," I said feebly, "not a bottle of beer. But have it your own way—anything will be a nice change for her from the merry old ha-ha."

Bimbo Carruthers bungled off, an elephant charging at a tulip. Why bewilder that ardent mind by mentioning the difficulty of finding tulips in December?



ROMA BEAUMONT, STARLET IN "BLACK VELVET"

Six years ago, so the story goes, Roma Beaumont had a bet with a fellow—artiste as to how soon she would have her name in electric lights outside a theatre. They say she has won her bet with a comfortable margin. She was held to have "stolen" Ivor Novello's *Dancing Years*, and now in *Black Velvet*, at the Hippodrome, she is still further piling up the score



H.M.S. "NILE" LAUNCHED 1839 — NOW THE MERSEY TRAINING SHIP "CONWAY"



THE "CONWAY" BEING TOWED DOWN THE RIVER FOR OVERHAUL.

By Gordon Ellis

When the *Conway* was H.M.S. *Nile*, she was a second-rate wooden ship with a single screw plus her full rig of sail with a displacement of 4,379 tons and mounting ninety guns. She was thus a forerunner of the class of ship which composed our navy in the Crimean campaign of 1854. H.M.S. *Nile* was launched at Plymouth in 1839 so under her new name, *Conway*, she this year reached her centenary of service to her country, the latter part of it as a training ship for our Mercantile Marine no less honourable than her earlier career. She was handed over to the Merchant Service in 1875 and re-christened. H.M.S. *Nile* was launched in a period of peace, since after the year 1815 the British Navy and Army fought no important battles in Europe for nearly forty years, and with the exception of minor operations the ships had no commitments till the Crimea. The fleet of that time was fitted with what today we should call auxiliary engines exactly as was H.M.S. *Nile*. She was much bigger than Nelson's famous flagship, which in the much earlier time in which she was in the line was called a first-rater, H.M.S. *Victory* is only 2,164 tons.

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LORD HEADFORT'S BEAUTIFUL ABODE IN COUNTY MEATH



HEADFORT HOUSE, SEAT
OF THE MARQUESS AND
MARCHIONESS OF HEAD-
FORT, WHO ARE ON THE
RIGHT



LADY HEADFORT PLAYS GOLF IN AID OF THE
IRISH RED CROSS



EMBROIDERY IS ONE OF LADY HEADFORT'S DIVERSIONS
IN HER SPARE MOMENTS

Photos: Poole, Dublin

Headfort House, Co. Meath, the fine Georgian mansion designed by Adams which is the seat of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, is the scene of much wartime activity. Lady Headfort is the President of the Kells (Co. Meath) Hospital Supply Department, a branch of the Irish Red Cross, and is working tirelessly. She has also given a trophy for competition on the Headfort links in aid of the Red Cross, and was herself an entrant. Others of Lord Headfort's family are also very active in the cause which nowadays occupies all our energies. His heir, the Earl of Bective, was recently appointed A.D.C. to the Governor of South Australia, which, like the rest of our Empire, is making such a magnificent war effort, while his younger son, Lord William Taylour, is serving with a Yeomanry unit. Lord Headfort's only daughter, Lady Millicent Taylour, has given herself up to Red Cross nursing in London, where they are all standing-to waiting—a tiresome job



LA GRAND' RUE, BOULOGNE, 1915

This scene will conjure up sad and glad memories to the B.E.F. of 1914-1918. It will also interest our present Expeditionary Force, Army and R.A.F., so many of whom will pass and repass through this practically unchanged street

MY VISIT TO THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE

By
GODFREY WINN

no blankets or stores, and that the guide who should have turned up six hours ago is apparently lost. What can you do about it?"

That may sound far-fetched, but it's extraordinary how permeated one becomes with this, legitimate passion for secrecy. So much so, that when on my return I was received by the Secretary of State for Air, who wanted to know my impressions of my visit, and also the name of the village where I had watched him make a speech into the microphone of the B.B.C.'s mobile recording car, I could not remember, for the simple reason that I had deliberately forgotten it and all the other names too. A kind of wartime inverted Pelmanism,

THE visit I think I shall always remember most during my recent peregrinations in France was the week I spent at the H.Q. of the R.A.F. Suitably, I arrived by 'plane and then proceeded to drop a brick. But for once the brick had no pamphlets attached to it. However, had I dropped a bomb instead, I could not have made more of a nuisance of myself. For, you see, the "brick" I dropped was in the form of a request to the A.O.C. (I still don't know what those letters stand for, but it was impressed upon me that it meant the boss) that I should be allowed to go up in one of the machines attached to the advanced attacking squadrons. If I found myself taking part as a passenger in a reconnaissance flight, that would be better still, I decided. Looking back now, I realise what a nerve I had . . . to drop such a bomb, I mean. After all, there was supposed to be a war on, as the A.O.C.'s A.D.C. (after a few weeks out there, you become drunk on letters) explained to me in the ante-room, while I was awaiting audience. However, as I discovered he had been very junior to me at my prep. school, I thought that perhaps he was now being unnecessarily senior.

Actually, I would like to put on record how extraordinarily helpful and friendly everyone was to the civilian stranger (or, maybe, the strange civilian) in their midst. By everyone, I mean the Press officers, headed by Squadron Leader Bishop, who courteously conducted me around and pretended not to be bored; the staff officers, with whom I made friends, and who explained to me politely that the one thing the R.A.F. loathed was being treated like a Hollywood scenario: "bird-boys" and ghastly sub-titles like that; the transport fellows, who turned out to be mostly London bus-drivers, than whom there is no finer breed of men in the world, but perhaps I am prejudiced because so many of them asked kindly after my dog; the wing commanders who invited me to the messes over which they presided, including that village near H.Q., which has been turned into such a real "home from home" that it now only lacks one thing to complete the picture—a statuette of a white horse on the bar counter (there's something subtle there; work it out for yourself); and finally the young pilots who used to drop into town once a week and paint things bright blue, and who used to ask me soberly questions about their comrades at home, whom they consider are just as much on active service as themselves, and would I see that they jolly well got a special allowance of petrol when they scrounged Christmas leave, and had I heard the story about the two fellows who came out to H.Q. and hung about for a week. After that time, they returned to London to find out their exact ultimate destination, as no one on the spot could explain it to them!

That reminds me of another story I heard out there that illustrates the tremendous and sensible caution that is exercised in the concealment of the camouflaged whereabouts of the various scattered aerodromes. The story concerns a telephone call to H.Q. An agitated voice said: "I know who you are (giving the right code name), but I can't tell you who I am, or where I am. I can tell you that I have

so as not unconsciously to betray anything to anyone on reaching home once more. It was also a kind of inverted consolation for me to see that on his recent visit to France our Minister for Air was in mufti too. Perhaps you heard Sir Kingsley Wood's speech on that occasion, coming over the air at home a few hours later. If so, I don't suppose it occurred to you to realise that the link was achieved by a small box in the back of a motor-car, and a round piece of metal attached to a cable held in front of a man's mouth, in a village street at nine o'clock on a wet winter's morning somewhere in France.

But because the clarity of such direct and authentic communications with the Front is achieved with such apparent effortlessness, we take it for granted; we no longer regard it as a miracle, as the scientists did themselves such a short time back. All the same, for my own part, being a spectator of that microphone tableau in such a strange setting, the real miracle at that moment was the way in which the speaker completely dominated the scene. And he did so, not by stature, nor, again, by the magnificence of his uniform, but by being completely and triumphantly himself. He wore the same black hat, the same dark-blue overcoat, as any City man might wear at home. He had made no concession to the circumstances except to put on a pair of vitally necessary gum-boots. And yet, despite the fact that all the Staff officers round him had rows of Service ribbons across their tunics, he still stood out, as a citizen in a key position doing a perfect job. And, frankly, I have never admired Sir Kingsley more than at that moment, and it seems to me that in his treatment of the situation there is a lesson for many of us.

It would be redundant, if not impertinent, for me to voice my admiration for the way in which our pilots themselves do their job, wearing a mask, when they take the wings of the morning, that gives no indication, either then or afterwards, of what must have been in their mind. And while there is something beyond praise in the universal way in which they insist on understatement, there remain other forms of courage that, while not so spectacular, deserve, I feel, for that very reason, to be recorded from time to time. May I give you an example?

One day I visited an isolated balloon unit. There were about twenty-five fellows there, under a single officer, separated from any kind of civilisation by an unchanging pastoral landscape that, at this time of the year, gave me the *cafard* (the blues!) after half-an-hour's visit to the derelict house on the gale-swept hill which was their headquarters. And that despite the tea they gave me and the warmth of my welcome. Not that they complained themselves. One fellow said jokingly that all he needed was the companionship of Popeye; another added that it was three weeks since he had received a letter; another showed me the loft where they slept, and the cracks in the walls through which the wind visited them by night.

And then there was the fellow with the interpreter's band on his arm; the corporal who talked with a Canadian accent,

(Continued on page 211)

H.R.H.
PRINCESS
ARTHUR
OF
CONNAUGHT,
R.R.C., S.R.N.

Her Royal Highness, as in the last war, so in this one, is doing the most valuable work on the home front, and is at this moment the Sister in Charge of a Casualty Clearing Station, which, as we all realise, may have to come into action at any moment. All the Red Cross stations are experiencing that extremely trying period of standing-to which is infinitely more wearing than the activity of war. H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, Duchess of Fife, was trained at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, at the Samaritan Hospital for Women, and has also served at Queen Charlotte's Hospital and at University College Hospital. The letters S.R.N. after her Royal Highness's name stand for State Registered Nurse, and signify exactly all that they imply. H.R.H. the Prince Arthur of Connaught, who died in 1938, most deeply regretted, was chairman of Middlesex Hospital, for whose advancement he worked so assiduously

Alexander Corbett, Baker Street





LADY RAVENSDALE, THE HON. MRS. LEWIS PALMER, AND HER SON STEPHEN



LADY TRENCHARD AND HER SON

"ONCE MORE UN ST. ANDREW'S



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH V
MRS. GILMOUR (IN U
AND (RIGHT) LADY SA



LADY KIMBERLEY AND
LORD WODEHOUSE



MISS AUBREY WARREN PEARL
AND LADY LODER



LORD AND LADY STRATHCONA, THE HON
(THEIR SONS), AND (RIGHT)

It has been said before this that walls have ears. It would not be surprising if the old wall at Eton had got a few in its time; also a nose or two. It has stood the racket a good many years itself and is still more or less undamaged. It is not known whether St. Andrew ever played football, or even whether he invented this rather rough game, but the fact remains that Eton plays it on the Saint's own day. Whether even ten per cent. of Etonians really understand the intricacies of St. Andrew's game has never been definitely established. Not even a wearer of an Eton toga, called by the *alumni* a "tug," dare boast that he knows all the rules off by heart. However, it is a most hearty pastime for the performers and excites the onlookers, especially in a year like the present one, when it took on the shape of almost a *Blitzkrieg*. Two shies were scored by the Oppidans (winners) almost before you could say "knife." One of the winning side, photographed, need it be said, after the battle, is seen with his mother, wife of our most eminent Foreign Secretary. The Hon. Richard Wood is Lord and Lady Halifax's youngest

UNTO THE"—WALL! S DAY AT ETON



I WITH HIS SON, LORD BLANDFORD,
(UNIFORM), LADY CAROLINE
SARAH SPENCER CHURCHILL



LADY HALIFAX AND THE HON.
RICHARD WOOD (AN OPPIDAN WALL)



LADY FORRES WITH HER SON,
THE HON. JOHN WILLIAMSON



HON. EUAN AND THE HON. BARNABY HOWARD
(T) THE HON. ROBERT MANNERS



LADY DASHWOOD
AND HER SON JOHN



MISS BIRKBECK
AND HER BROTHER

son and, like his father, is of the Anak type. He was one of the Oppidan Walls. As to some other details in this picture gallery, taken in rain that even beat St. Andrew's Day's best, the Hon. Mrs. Lewis Palmer, who is with that very kind person, Lady Ravensdale, is a daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Selborne, and was the Hon. Dorothy Loder. She is a sister of the present Lord Wakehurst. The Duke of Marlborough, as will be observed, brought almost his entire family, and they all stuck it out till the end of the muddy strafe. Lady Forres is also with a unit of her small family, and so is Lady Kimberley, the head of the house at present being very busy censoring matter which might be of service to the enemy. Lord Kimberley, famous for all time in the polo world, was formerly a Scarlet Lancer. Lord and Lady Strathcona also viewed the Wall Game and the field game *en famille*, and in the group with them is Lord and Lady Manners' eldest son; and Lady Dashwood, the former Miss Helen Eaton, is also with one of her two sons, interested most probably in the Lower Boy final



Bertram Park

MARGARET VYNER

This "lovely" has won much praise for her beauty in theatrical circles since she arrived some time ago from her home in Sydney, Australia. She appeared in Frederick Lonsdale's *Once is Enough* in the States and more recently in the revival of *French Without Tears* at the Embassy Theatre in London, one of the first to reopen after the outbreak of war

DURING the black-out, a rather tiny car collided with a motor-lorry. As it was obviously the fault of the small car, the driver said: "Well, all I've got to say is that I'm sorry."

"So that's all you've got to say, is it?" retorted the lorry-driver. "Well, you just listen to me."

The old Yorkshire farmer was dying.

"Let him have anything to eat that he fancies," said the doctor. "It can't do him any harm now."

The farmer's wife went upstairs. "Is theer owt t'eat ye fancy, lad?" she asked.

"Ee, that theer is. Ah could do wi' a bit o' that 'am Ah can smell cooking. It do smell good an' all."

His wife was indignant. "Thee get on wi' thy deen'—that 'am 's for t'funeral."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Two workmen were discussing the state of war affairs. "Heard the latest news?" asked the first man solemnly.

"No!" gasped the second eagerly.

"Well, our Government have told Hitler he can have all he had in 1914."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do. He had one whitewash brush and a ladder."

And what is the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?" asked the sergeant.

"Look at the number, sergeant," replied one private promptly.

"Look at the number!" came from the sergeant in surprise. "What's that for?"

"To make sure I don't clean someone else's by mistake."

A country doctor was a keen shot. Often on his rounds he took his gun with him, in case he might get a shot at a rabbit or pigeon. One day he met a farmer, who eyed the gun and asked: "Who are you going to see, doctor?"

"Old Bert Jones, up at Long Farm," replied the doctor.

"Well, you won't need the gun. Old Bert pegged out last night."

The man who had just returned from France (before the war) was relating a thrilling experience.

"Yes," he said, "an Apache sprang at me in one of the streets of Paris, snatched my pocket-case of notes, and bolted. Gendarmes chased him, and when cornered, he leapt into the river—"

"Ah!" said a listener, "guilty but in Seine!"

The two friends, prospectors, had each spent long, lonely months in the great open spaces. And now, as they drew up their horses at the store, they greeted each other with a nod.

Supplies bought, they sat outside. In silence they gazed into the distance. Finally, an animal appeared on the horizon.

"Cow," said Bill.

"Steer," said Joe.

Bill rose slowly; saddled his horse.

"Where you goin'?" asked his companion.

"Guess I'm hittin' the trail. Too much argifyin' round here."

The round was over. The boxer staggered to his corner. Blood oozed from his mouth and nose. His lips were swollen, his eyes rapidly darkening.

"What's the matter with you?" snapped his manager.

"Half the fight is over. That guy has been hitting you with everything but the water bucket for five rounds—and yet you haven't hit him once in return."

The boxer groaned.

"I'm biding my time," he replied hoarsely.

The manager glared at him.

"Biding your time?" he howled. "And in the meantime that guy is hitting you with a million punches!"

"Sure," murmured the battered one. "That's just it. How long can he last at that rate?"



GEORGINA COOKSON

Attractive Georgina Cookson is at present playing the part of Delia in the new farce, *Giving the Bride Away*, with Nauntton Wayne and Basil Radford. The play came on recently at the St. Martin's Theatre. She previously played in that enormously successful comedy, *French Without Tears*, when it went on tour. Her mother, Mrs. Roger Cookson, is well known as Sydney Tremayne, the author and criminologist



TCHERNICHEVA AND SHABELEVSKY IN "SCHEHERAZADE"

Another striking picture out of "Russian Ballet," Gordon Anthony's brilliant book of ballet studies. *Scheherazade*, danced to the exotic music of Rimsky-Korsakov's suite, is one of the most exciting ballets in the Russian repertoire and eminently suited to the special talents of Yurek Shabelevsky, who is characterised in balletomane Arnold Haskell's foreword to Mr. Anthony's book as having "a daring, and what might almost be called an athletic quality that few dancers can equal." "Few will forget," Mr. Haskell adds, "his amazing leaps in *Scheherazade*." Shabelevsky is, like so many other brilliant dancers, a Pole. Lubov Tchernicheva, one of the great company of artists who worked with the already almost legendary Diaghileff, has reached a new peak of brilliance with Colonel de Basil's company, in which her skill and knowledge were largely responsible for making a revival of *Scheherazade* possible in 1935. She was also the creator of the rôle of Francesca in Lichine's *Francesca da Rimini*, and is called by Mr. Haskell "a dramatic actress of great power who has always built up her rôles with consummate care"

BACK FOR CHRISTMAS

By
JOHN COLLIER

"DOCTOR," said Major Sinclair, "most certainly we must have you with us for Christmas."

"He shall be back," said Mrs. Carpenter. "I promise you."

"It's by no means certain," said Dr. Carpenter. "I should love it, of course."

"After all," said Mr. Hewitt, "these lectures are only for three months."

"Anything may happen," said Dr. Carpenter.

"Yes. It is quite true," said Mrs. Bates. "Especially in America."

"Whatever happens," said Mrs. Carpenter, beaming at them all, "he shall be back for Christmas. What would they do without him at the Infirmary?"

"And our children's party?" said the vicar.

"He shall be back," said Mrs. Carpenter. "I shall bring him back. You may all believe me."

They all believed her. The doctor himself almost believed her. After all, for ten years she had been promising her puppet hero for dinner-parties, garden-parties, committees, Heaven knows what, and the promises had never failed. He felt positively conscience-stricken.

The farewells began. There was a harmony of vicarious exultation in the prospect of skyscrapers. There was a fluting of compliments on dear Hermione's marvellous arrangements. They would drive to Southampton that evening. They would embark the following day. No trains, no bustle, no last-minute worries: Certainly the doctor was marvelously looked after. He would be a great success in America. Especially with Hermione to see to everything. She would have a wonderful time, too. She would see the skyscrapers. Nothing like that in Little Godwearing. But she must be very sure to bring him back. "Yes, I will bring him back. You may rely upon it." He mustn't be persuaded. No extensions. No wonderful post at some super-American hospital. Our Infirmary needs him. And he must be back by Christmas. "Yes, I shall see to it. He shall be back by Christmas."

There were still things to be done. They mustn't upset Hermione's arrangements. They must be going. Good-bye. *Au revoir!* rather. *Bon voyage!* And, don't forget—by Christmas.

It was all very well managed. The maids soon had the tea-things washed up: they came in, said good-bye, and were in time to catch the afternoon bus to Devizes.

Nothing remained but odds and ends, locking doors, seeing everything was tidy. "Go upstairs," said Hermione, "and change into your brown tweeds. Empty the pockets of that suit before you put it in your bag. I'll see to everything else. All you have to do is not to get in the way."

The doctor accordingly went upstairs and took off the suit he was wearing. But instead of putting on the brown tweeds he picked up an old, dirty bath-gown which he took from the back of his wardrobe. He put this on, made one or two little arrangements, then he leant over the head of the stairs. Hermione was busy in the wide lounge hall. "Hermione! Have you a moment to spare?"

"Of course, dear. I'm just finished."

"Just come up here for a moment. There's something rather extraordinary up here."

Hermione immediately came up: "Good heavens, my dear man! What are you lounging about in that filthy old thing for? I told you to have it burned long ago."

"Who in the world," said the doctor, "has dropped a gold chain down the bath-hole?"

"Nobody has, of course," said Hermione. "Nobody wears such a thing."

"Then what is it doing there?" said the doctor. "Take this torch. If you lean right over you can see it shining, deep down."

"Some trumpery bangle off one of the maids," said Hermione. "It can be nothing else." However, one has to take a torch and look deep down and see gold. So Hermione leant over, squinting into the hole. The doctor, raising a short length of lead piping, struck two or three times with great force and precision, and, lifting the body by the knees, tumbled it into the bath.

He then slipped off the bath-gown and stood completely naked. He uncovered a towel full of implements and put

them into the wash-basin. He spread several sheets of newspaper on the floor and turned once more to his victim.

She was completely dead, of course. She was horribly doubled up, like a somersaulter, at the narrow end of the bath. She seemed bigger than ever. He stood looking at her for a very long time, thinking of absolutely nothing at all. Then he saw how much blood there was, and his mind began to move again.

First he had to push and pull until she lay straight in the bath, and then to remove her clothing. In a narrow bathtub this was an extremely clumsy business, altogether different from that of the operating-table, and by the time the clothes were parcelled up in newspapers, neatly secured by some of the many safety-pins he had put near at hand, the doctor was most unprofessionally and most hideously besmeared.

But now that the clothes were gone he could turn on the taps. Having done so, he turned to take the first of his implements from the wash-basin. The water rushed into the bath, then dwindled and died away, and the last of it gurgled down the waste-pipe.

"Good God!" he said. "She's turned it off at the main."

There was nothing else for it: he hastily wiped his hands on a dry towel, opened the bathroom door with a clean corner of the towel, threw it back on to the bath-stool, and ran downstairs, barefoot, light as a cat. The cellar door was in a corner of the lounge hall, under the stairs. He knew just where the main tap was. He had reason to: he had been pottering about down there for some time past—trying to scrape out a bin for wine, out of the way of the coals, he had told Hermione. But he had given it up as hopeless. He now turned the key with the knife he held in his hand, pushed open the door with his foot, and went down the steep steps. The door closed slowly behind him. He felt for his pocket, for matches, but he was naked. Just before the closing door plunged the cellar into pitch darkness he put his hand on the tap and turned it on. Then he felt his way back along the grimy wall till he came to the steps, and was about to ascend them when the bell rang.

The bell rang. The doctor was scarcely aware of it as a sound. It was like a spike of iron pushed slowly up through his stomach till it touched his heart. His whole being writhed and crumpled and withered up about this spike. It went on till it reached his brain. Then something broke, and he threw himself down in the coal-dust on the floor. He said, "I'm shot! I'm shot!"

He heard himself panting. "None of this," he said to himself. "None of this."

He said "They've got no right to come. Fools!"

He began to revive. He got to his feet. When the bell rang again the sound passed through him almost painlessly. "Let them go away," he said.

Then he heard the front door open. He said "I don't care." His shoulder came up, like that of a boxer, to shield his face. "I give up," he said. "She was going in and out to the car . . . left the door unlatched."

He heard people calling. "Herbert! Hermione!" It was the Wallingfords. "Damn them! They come butting in. People anxious to get off. All naked! And blood and coal-dust! I'm done! I'm through! I can't do it."

"Herbert!"

"Hermione!"

"Where the dickens can they be?"

"The car's there."

"Maybe they've popped round to Mrs. Liddell."

"We must see them."

"Or the shops, maybe. Something at the last minute."

"Not Hermione. I say, listen! Isn't that someone having a bath? Shall I shout? What about whanging on the door?"

"S-sh! Don't. It might not be tactful."

"No harm in a shout."

"Look, dear. Let's come in on our way back. Hermione said they wouldn't be leaving before seven. They're dining on the way, in Salisbury."

"Think so? All right. Only I want a last drink with old Herbert. He'd be hurt."

(Continued on page ii)

Uncle Jennifer Auntie May Old Charles
Diana Paddy Jennifer
The Twin
Young Charles
FATHER
AUNTIE
IANE Tom
MOTHER
Sweet Margaret
Rev. Tins
Bank Manager

CORK TIPPED

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MINORS

The Aristocrat
of Cigarettes

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Give them all DeReszke
of course!

PAY COMES THE RIGHT ANSWER TO THE ANNUAL PROBLEM
FOR EVERYONE WHO SMOKES CIGARETTES—60 de RESZKE
MINORS. 600 MINUTES OF ENJOYMENT, PACKED, IN A
DECORATED TIN, TO GREET CHRISTMAS MORNING.
SEND 60 GOOD WISHES
— de RESZKE OF COURSE

D.R. MINORS — 60 for 2/6 in decorated tins



THIS CHRISTMAS

GIVE 'GREYS'*Cigarettes worthy of a special occasion*

You can't go wrong if you give cigarettes. Especially this Christmas, when your gift list is probably presenting unusual difficulties. And if you decide to give Greys—those distinguished cigarettes which everyone welcomes at sight—it will become more obvious than ever that you have done the supremely right thing.

IN DECORATED TINS 50 for 2/11⁹

LONDON'S NEW BALLET: ANTHONY TUDOR'S ARTS THEATRE SEASON



MAUDE LLOYD—VENUS IN
"LE PAS DES DÉESSES"



PEGGY VAN PRAAGH (JUNO)
AND GUY MASSEY (MERCURY)



MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL TALKING
TO PRETTY MAUDE LLOYD



PEGGY VAN PRAAGH
AND HER DRESSER



MME. SOKOLOVA AND LITTLE
BUNTY KELLY

Everyone, it is sure, will wish Mr. Anthony Tudor's new enterprise all possible success. Mr. Harold Rubin has acquired the little Arts Theatre and Club with a view to establishing a permanent creative and social centre of ballet, and on the opening night two works—Mr. Keith Lester's *Le Pas Des Déeses* (the story of the Judgment of Paris) and Mr. Tudor's own ballet to four of Holst's "Planets"—were presented. Miss Maude Lloyd, who was the Venus, had to be the belle of the party, an easy task, as a study of the pictures will display; and Miss Peggy van Praagh was entrusted with the rôle of the more stately Juno. The great Sokolova, first English dancer to be admitted to the Diaghileff Russian Ballet, spoke a few words of encouragement to little fourteen-year-old Bunty Kelly, now training at the Vic-Wells School

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART



SQUADRON LEADER AND
MRS. JAMES A. DIXON

Taken just after their wedding at the American Embassy in Madrid. Squadron Leader Dixon is the British Air Attaché in Madrid, now a much more peaceful place than many that might be named, and his bride was Miss Jean Butler, who is on the staff of the American Embassy

against what the person thought he saw. Actually, a punctured petrol tank will let out petrol from an aeroplane in such a way that it mingles with air and a large stream of what appears to be white smoke is left behind. Often, I think, when eye-witnesses, including even the pilots taking part, have testified to seeing smoke pouring from the enemy machine they have really seen nothing other than petrol.

It is true, of course, that a punctured petrol tank is a useful hit and that it is likely to prevent the machine from reaching its base. But it need not be a complete victory. The enemy machine may not have been destroyed. It is extraordinary how close the resemblance is between petrol pouring out of a punctured tank into the slipstream and smoke.

Other Observations.

There is another favourite eye-witness gambit. It is the statement that anti-aircraft fire was brought to bear and that, as a result of it, the enemy machine "appeared to wobble." Exactly how an aeroplane "appears to wobble" I have never yet discovered. It is true that a burst of anti-aircraft fire very close to an aeroplane causes it to bump; but it is doubtful if the bump could be seen from the ground, because the burst must be very close indeed to produce it and the smoke of the bursting shell would then almost

Smoke Without Fire.

IN air fighting there is often smoke without fire. It has happened thousands of times that eye-witnesses have seen smoke coming out of an aeroplane and have jumped to the conclusion that the machine was on fire, yet have been wrong. It is happening now in many of the combats that are fought over the British Isles and the North Sea. "I saw the fighter attack and, immediately afterwards, the enemy machine went down with smoke pouring from it. It was obviously on fire."

We have got used to those reports already. But we have not got used to making allowances for them and adjusting the probabilities

certainly obscure the machine.

Incidentally, I noticed that, in what was evidently a generally circulated account of Royal Air Force men's experiences when performing reconnaissance flights over Germany, it was stated in more than one paper that the aircraft crew could not hear the noise of the bursting anti-aircraft shells above the sound of their engines, and that, in consequence, the shell bursts "appeared curiously remote."

I don't pretend to know how accurate German anti-aircraft fire is in this war. But I do know that in the war of 1914-18 the anti-aircraft shell bursts were sufficiently close for the sound of their bursting to be absolutely

deafening. It tore through engine and airscrew noise. And although the engines of those days were but a third or a quarter or even a fifth of the power of the engines of these days, they had no sort of exhaust manifolds and just barked straight out into the open. They were, I should guess, at least as noisy as, if not noisier than, the engines of to-day.

Accurate anti-aircraft fire to-day would certainly be heard by the aircraft crews just as clearly as it used to be heard by the aircraft crews of the earlier war. Those semi-official reports—or officially sponsored reports—which were widely

circulated, seem, therefore, to have been concocted by those without sufficient knowledge of the actualities of war in the air. Their writers slip up in just the way writers without knowledge of the subject must always slip up.

And therein lies a lesson for the Royal Air Force. It shows how careful they should be in seeing that messages which are sent out from the R.A.F. in France and which purport to be the result of direct contact with R.A.F. officers and men attain some approximation to the facts.

B.B.C. Priority.

There is another trouble which the Royal Air Force should instantly correct. It is the way in which the B.B.C. is allowed to anticipate the Press in

(Continued on page xiv)



A NOTABLE ROYAL AIR FORCE
ENGAGEMENT

The future bride is Miss Peggy MacCorkindale, the nineteen-year-old Scottish junior tennis champion, and her future husband is Flt. Lieut. W. R. Penman, the twenty-two-year-old Scottish Rugger International, who was reported killed in the recent Wilhelmshaven raid



ARMY OFFICERS SECONDED TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

On being seconded, all army officers are given the R.A.F. rank of Flying Officer, hence the wings on their tunics. The picture was taken at a Flying Training School and the names are, l. to r.: (top row) Flt. Lieuts. R. W. Campbell (Royal Tank Regt.), R. M. G. Zambra (Royal Fusiliers), E. L. G. Millington (Cameron Hlrs.); (sitting) Flt. Lieuts. V. Fairfield (Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regt.), D. C. B. Walker (5th Northumberland Fusiliers) and B. R. Macnamara (Royal Tank Regt.). The tykes are "Shady" and "Bruce"



✦ Morocco Leather Beauty Box fitted with essential preparations, make-up and a special compartment for jewels, 7½ gns. ✦ Beauty Box in black or brown, fitted with especially designed light-weight jars, contains essential preparations and make-up, 3½ gns.

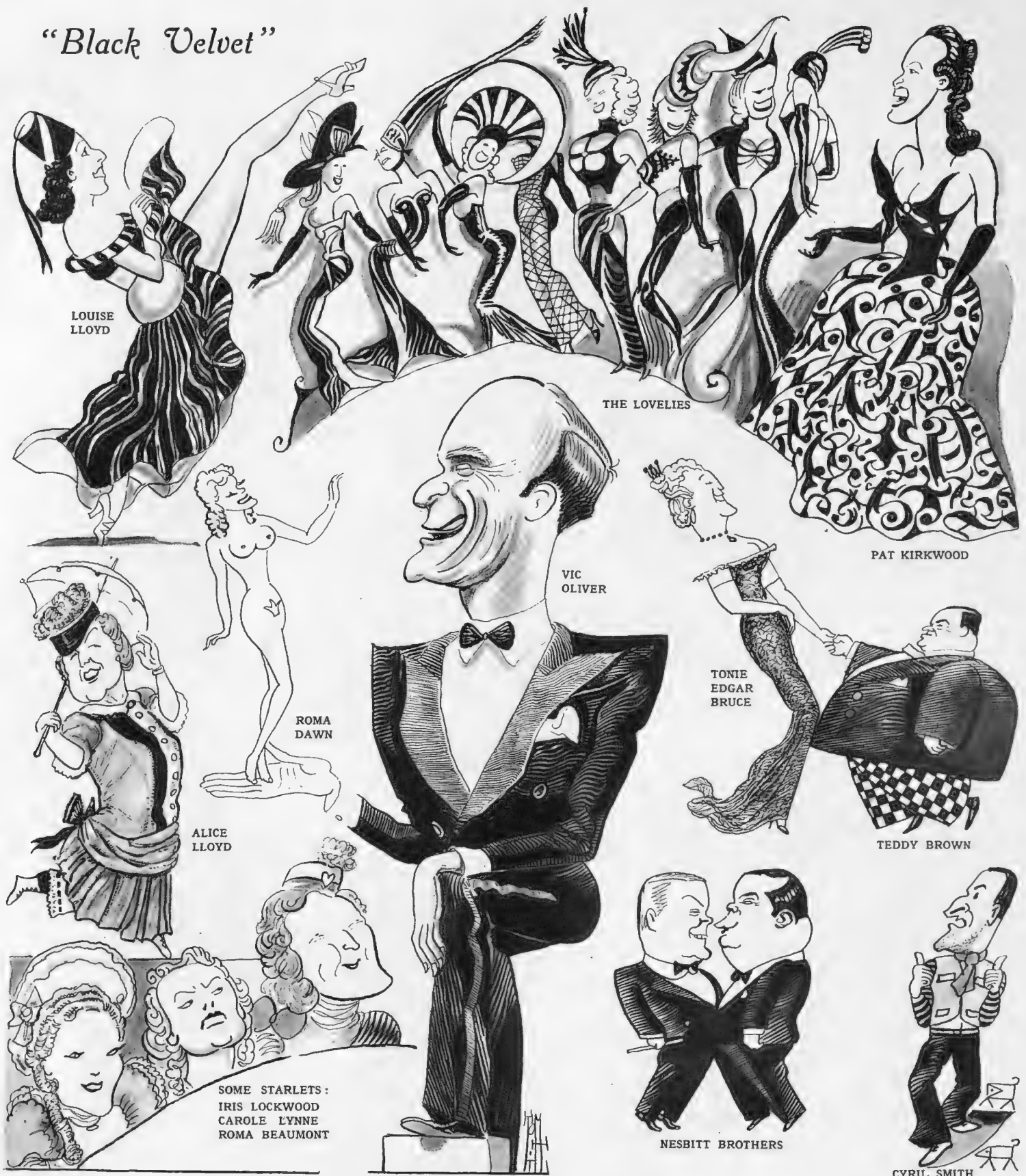
✦ For modern means but luxurious tastes, Miss Arden recommends this Beauty Box containing essential preparations, Powder and Lipstick. Black, 50/-. Coloured Leather, 63/-.

✦ Beauty Box with stand-up mirror. Everything for home treatment as well as make-up. Black, Brown, Blue or Red, 32/6.



Elizabeth Arden

"Black Velvet"



"BLACK VELVET" happens twice nightly and doesn't last long: it goes like a flash and is almost as brilliant. It compresses within two hours twenty-two bits and pieces of revue; and all but five are slick, witty, luscious, hilarious or otherwise outstanding. It has two stars, each first class at his odd job; some young starlets alive with personality; extra turns that are extra good; and a chorus that claims to comprise "the world's loveliest girls." The Censor has been kind to it, both in physiological matters and in passing a savage little burlesque on the Ministry of Information. This show at the Hippodrome is, in fact, a rip-roaring success; so book early, taking note of the fact that if you are male and your stall is on a gangway, you are liable to be sung at by a perambulating lovely, or to be

requisitioned for ringing Hell's Bells for dancing the polka down the aisle. Gangway seats are popular among subalterns.

Vic Oliver is supremely disarming and an artist in the confidential manner, the friendly insult and the pungent aside. Teddy Brown's medium of the xylophone may not be high art, but it is a pleasure to see anybody doing anything thus superbly well. Alice Lloyd brings to the Café Royal scena more than a whiff of sister Marie, that truly great comedienne. Among the starlets, Roma Beaumont is a clever young blonde, Pat Kirkwood a vital young brunette, and Louise Lloyd a most energetic young dancer. The Nesbitt Brothers are plump, cheerful and amusing. Some Cole Porter songs from the American success, *Jubilee*, alternate with pleasant music by Harry Parr-Davies. A. B.



13/6
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½ bottle 7/-
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WITH THE PYTCHLEY: LORD APSLEY
AND MISS JEAN MEYSEY-THOMPSON



A DUHALLOW PICTURE: MR. AND MRS. WALTON



MORE PYTCHLEY: THE HON.
MRS. RUPERT HARDY, LADY CROMWELL, AND
MRS. BURY ON THE COLD ASHBY DAY

Still carrying a good head in spite of everything and all the difficulties which, even in neutral Eire, are not exactly slight, for many Masters over there have had to go hunting something else, as such a lot of ours have done. Mrs. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth, for instance, is in command of the Duhallo in Co. Cork with Mr. R. G. Annesley, *vice* her husband and Mr. A. C. Fane, who were to have been the new Masters, but who have both gone off battle-fighting. As many know, it is a grand little country, all grass, good banks and



MORE DUHALLOW: MRS. SHEPHERD, MR. R. G. ANNESLEY,
JOINT-M.F.H., AND MRS. ANNESLEY; AND (BELOW)
MRS. LENNOX LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, JOINT-M.F.H.

no wire. The Pytchley pictures were all taken the day those hounds were at Cold Ashby, which is not far from Northampton, and though fields are not of peacetime size, all available hands back up nobly. Lord Bathurst's hard-riding son has as his wife and co-author the talented lady who gave us one of the best historical records of sport ever written, "Bridleways Through History." The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy is the former Hon. Diana Allsopp (Lord Hindlip's elder sister) and wife of Captain Hardy, Major Sir Bertie Hardy's son and heir, and all famous in the Meynell country, where ordinarily they hunt





STERLING SILVER

23381. Sugar Dredger, 6in. high £2 5 0
 23018. Toast Rack £1 17 6
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PLATE

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23921. Tea Pot (2 pints), Sugar Basin, Cream Jug £12 0 0 the Set
 23709. Salvers on feet 8in. £4 15 0 10in. £7 17 6 12in. £11 0 0



STERLING SILVER

- B4633. English Cut Glass Decanter, Sterling Silver Mount, £2 5 0.
 23590. Air-tight Cigarette Canister for 50, Engine-turned, £1 18 6; Plain, £1 11 6.
 B5302. Cigarette Case, to hold 6, £1 12 6. N2779. Cigarette Box, to hold 75, £3 12 6; 100, £5 15 0



PRINCE'S PLATE

29069. Grape or Nut Dish, £2 10 0; with 2 pairs of Nut Cracks, £3 3 0.
 27854. "Apple" Preserve Jar and Spoon, Glass lining, £1 1 0.
 27551. Hot Water Jug, 1 pint, £1 17 6; 1½ pints, £2 2 0.
 29094. Toast and Butter Stand, with Knife, £1 5 0.



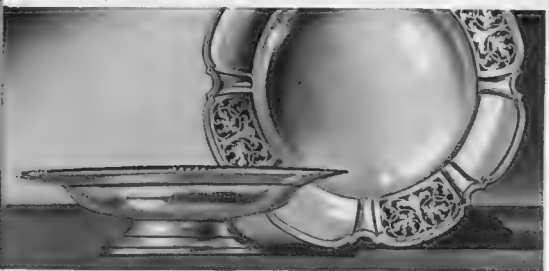
PRINCE'S PLATE

4884. Sandwich Tongs £0 17 6
 28746. Cocktail Shaker, engraved with 6 recipes £3 10 0
 29066. English Cut Glass Ice Pail, Prince's Plate mounts £2 10 0
 Ice Tongs £0 6 6



PRINCE'S PLATE

28680. Electric Heating Stand. Aluminium Top Plate, 18x9in., 3 heats, £8 15 0 (please state voltage)
 28863. Oblong Entree Dish. 10in. long £3 18 6 11in. long £4 10 0 each



STERLING SILVER

24140. Fruit or Cake Dish 9in. diam. £6 5 0

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LONDON

SHEFFIELD
THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.



OFFICERS OF THE NTH BATTALION, OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry is now, of course, swollen to many battalions, but all remember their proud link with the 43rd and 52nd Foot which were part of Crauford's Light Division in the Peninsular War. Sir John Moore, of Corunna fame, was Colonel of the 52nd, which, together with the 43rd and the 95th (now Rifle Brigade), became, under his command, the first officially recognised light infantry in the British Army. In this group are: (1. to r., in doorway) Lieut. C. F. Tigue, 2nd Lieuts. J. H. Hooper, S. L. Cross, Lieuts. G. Clutterbuck, H. S. Hamlin (R.A.M.C.); (third row) 2nd Lieuts. A. C. Mason, M. H. Barton, R. D. Purchon, J. L. Naimaster, M. F. Burness; (second row) 2nd Lieuts. J. I. Colville, E. White, Lieuts. K. S. Jefferson, E. C. Bradbury, E. J. Southam, A. Martyr, 2nd Lieuts. H. de C. Stevens-Guille, N. J. Collingham, J. P. Bennett, W. J. W. Spry, R. D. Murdoch, Lieut. H. J. Woods, 2nd Lieut. W. H. Mitchell; (front row) Lieut. L. Muriel, Captains J. E. A. Nevill, M.C., M. H. S. Last, L. L. Falkiner, Major J. B. Jarvis, Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Whittall, M.C., Captains P. J. Luard, P. F. Metcalfe, R. N. Barnes, H. A. Pickering, H. G. Temple.

A Visit to Dachau.

LAST week I met a young Englishman who had actually been inside Dachau, that monstrous German concentration camp whose name stinks even in Nazi nostrils.

It happened this way. He was touring Germany last summer when one of his friends suddenly decided it would be interesting to visit Dachau all tourist-like, with cameras and a walk round to see the sights. It seems fantastic, but the party reached one of the side entrances of the camp, and calmly informed the guard that they'd come to "look round." Meeting with no success, they proceeded to the main gates, and actually entered the camp before being stopped by its grim guardians. These they breezily informed that the object of their visit was to have lunch with the Governor, a sally whose humorous aspect naturally missed fire. All that happened was that their films were destroyed and the party told to get out at once before anything more serious happened. My friend concluded the yarn by saying that he had never been more frightened in his life.

Essential Motoring; What is It?

We are advised to confine our motoring to essential journeys. But while it is easy to define non-essential motoring, it is not so simple to decide what is essential. For instance, it is possible, at great expense, waste of time and inconvenience, to do without a car altogether. It happened in the last war, and it happened when we were very young and relied on the pony-trap or dog-cart. Is it essential to use a car to do a job of work in four hours when

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES



AT AN R.A.F. TRAINING CENTRE

Wing-Commander A. W. Gray, Wing-Commander J. M. Glaisher, and F./L. N. E. Maitland are the "veterans" of this particular training centre. F./L. Maitland is a well-known film-actor who has been in more English pictures than he can count—usually in flying parts. He was in the Seaforth Highlanders last war, when Wing-Commander Gray was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. F./L. Maitland's most recent picture, made just before the war, was *Let's Be Famous*

alternative means of transport that would take a day and a half are available? And, again, the job of work itself may or may not be essential.

We are in the same difficulty when it comes to spending. One Government leader tells us to spend in order to keep industry going. Another urges us to conserve every penny in order to finance our war effort. What's wanted, it seems to this wandering scribe, is a Code of National Conduct. Then, instead of us being advised to do this, that and the other, by a score of different experts, representing widely varying interests, we should have a single correlated code to go by. Even if it were to be modified from time to time, it would make things simpler than at present.

A Record in Engine-Running.

The owner of a Morris "Eight" claims to have covered some 52,000 miles without decarbonising his engine. Its oil and petrol consumption are low, and maximum speed is still 55 m.p.h. This is a fine record, reflecting credit not only on the Morris, but also on this particular owner. If this case were investigated, I should expect to find that the bulk of the distance had been covered in long journeys driven at the same speed, and that the preliminary running-in of the engine had been carried out carefully. For what causes wear and carbonisation more than anything else is a series of rapid starts from cold. Thus, if an engine could be run continuously at a set speed and temperature, there's no knowing how many tens of thousands of miles it might not do before requiring a de-coke or showing signs of wear.



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TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES
1936



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KING OF SWEDEN



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Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

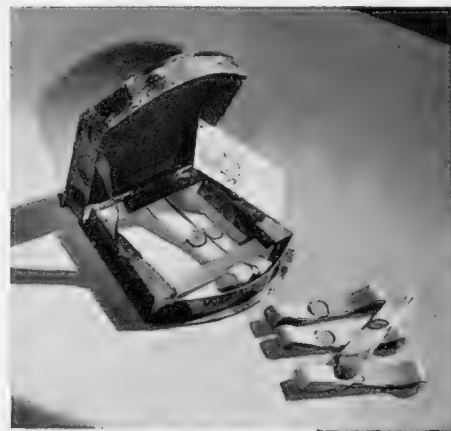


HARRODS (Knightsbridge, S.W.) are faithful to their policy of offering things which are of exalted merit at fair and reasonable prices. The suit pictured above is an example of their perfect tailoring and cut; the trousers are slimming and the coat is gay. The former costs 45s. 9d. and the latter £4 4s. By the way, there are navy all-wool flannel slacks with sliding fastenings at the side and pocket for 22s. 6d. On receipt of a postcard, Harrods would send their "News Bulletin"



EVER such a welcome gift would be the hospitality set on the right above. It consists of the Toastmaster, an automatic two-slice toaster, with a toast trimmer, three glass dishes and four lap trays. It is obtainable from Frank V. Magrini, 19 Oxford Street, W.1

MOSS BROS., of King Street, Covent Garden, are making a feature of "Comforts for the Troops." They really do understand their needs. Very practical is a parcel containing the khaki cardigan, scarf, cap, comforter, socks, mittens and handkerchief shown above



THERE is nothing a woman welcomes more warmly than a box of Cash's washing ribbons. They range in price from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., a box in a variety of colours. The boxes are artistic

WHAT a delightful place is Boots' Regent Street establishment. There are the "Number Seven" Beauty Preparations; the casket shown is 5s. The simuli tapestry bag is 5s., umbrella 5s. 11d.

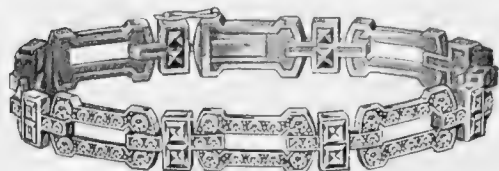




BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE V

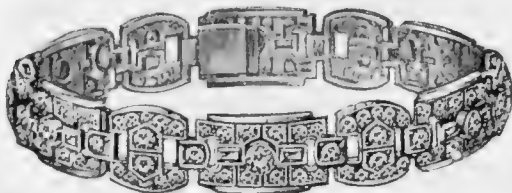
The Giving of Gifts

The choosing and giving of beautiful gifts will bring us more pleasure this Christmas than ever before. At The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company you will find a profuse array of timely suggestions—at prices suitable to everybody. You will be able to choose the exact, personal present for each of your friends. If you cannot call, may we send you our illustrated Gift Brochure, which includes special suggestions for those on Active Service? We would like you to send for it soon because it will help us so much if orders are posted early this year.



Sapphire and
Diamond Bracelet
£145.0.0

Diamond Bracelet
£270.0.0



Sapphire and
Diamond Earrings
£42.0.0



Mother o' Pearl,
Sapphire and Platinum
Links £5. 15. 0
4 Buttons £5. 15. 0
2 Studs £2. 15. 0



Diamond
and Platinum
Watch on silk
cord £32.10.0



Diamond Hoop Ring
£18.0.0



Sapphire and
Diamond Ring
£30.0.0



Diamond Ring
£96.0.0

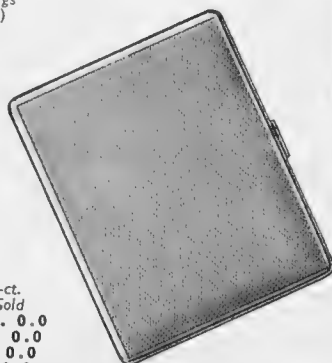


Ruby and
Diamond Earrings
(Screw fittings)
£40.0.0



Pearl and Diamond Brooch
£55.0.0

Size		Engine-turned Cigarette Case		
		Sterling Silver	9-ct. Gold	18-ct. Gold
3½ x 2½ ins.	£1. 7. 6	£17. 10. 0	£44. 0. 0	
3½ x 3½ "	1. 13. 6	21. 0. 0	52. 0. 0	
3½ x 3½ "	2. 0. 0	25. 10. 0	62. 0. 0	
4½ x 3½ "	2. 7. 6	31. 10. 0	78. 10. 0	
5 x 3½ "	2. 17. 6	38. 10. 0	95. 0. 0	



Child's Sterling
Silver Beaker
£3.5.0



Engine-turned Flapjack Vanity Case.
Diameter 2½ inches. Diameter 3½ inches.
9-ct. Gold £13. 5. 0 9-ct. Gold £17. 10. 0
18-ct. Gold £34. 10. 0 18-ct. Gold £45. 0. 0



6 Sterling Silver Orange or
Grape Fruit Spoons. With Mother
o' Pearl handled rustless steel
Knife in case £2. 18. 6



Key Chain 20½ inches long
9-ct. Gold . . . £3. 12. 6
18-ct. " . . . £8. 2. 6
Sterling Silver . . . 19. 6

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Which would you smoke? Those who like the best that life has to offer prefer quality to quantity every time. For that reason they choose State Express 555 — “the best cigarette in the world.” Men in the Services, people in private life, in this country and throughout the world, agree that these superb cigarettes are well worth the little more that they cost. Try State Express 555 and see if you, too, are not of the same opinion.

STATE EXPRESS 555

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD • COSTS SO LITTLE MORE

Back for Christmas

(Continued from page 370)

“Let’s hurry. We can be back by half-past six.”

He heard them walk out, and the front door close quietly behind them. He thought, “Half-past six. I can do it.”

He crossed the hall, sprang the latch of the front door, went upstairs, and finished what he had to do. He came down again, clad in his bath gown, carrying parcel after parcel of towelling or newspaper, neatly secured with safety pins. These he packed carefully into the narrow, deep hole he had made in the corner of the cellar, shovelled in the soil, spread coal dust over all, flashed his torch round, satisfied himself that everything was in order, and went upstairs again. He then thoroughly cleansed the bath, and himself, and the bath again, dressed, and took the clothing and his bath gown to the incinerator.

One or two more little touches, and everything was in order. Still it was only a quarter-past six. The Wallingfords were always late, he had only to get into the car and drive off. It was a pity he couldn’t wait till after dusk, but he could make a detour to avoid passing through the main street, and, even if he was seen driving alone, people would only think Hermione had gone on somehow, for some reason, and they would forget about it.

Still, he was glad when he had finally got away, entirely unobserved, on the open road, driving into the gathering dusk. He had to drive very carefully: he found himself unable to judge distances, his reactions were abnormally delayed, but that was a detail. When it was quite dark, he allowed himself to stop the car on the top of the downs, in order to think.

The stars were superb. He could see the lights of one or two little towns far away on the plain below him. He was free. He was exultant. Everything that was to follow was perfectly simple. Marion was waiting in Chicago. She already believed him to be a widower. The lecture people could be put off with a word. He had nothing to do but to make the lectures a success, establish himself in some thriving out-of-the-way town, and he was safe for ever. There were Hermione’s clothes, of course, in the bags: they could be disposed of through the porthole. Thank heaven, she wrote her letters on the typewriter—a little thing like that might have prevented everything. “But there you are,” he said, “she was up to date, efficient all along the line. Managed everything. Managed herself to death, damn her!”

“There’s no reason to get excited,” he thought. “I write a few letters for her, then fewer and fewer. Have a box address in Chicago, at the post office. Write myself, always expecting to get back, never quite able to. Keep the house, one year, then another, then another: they’ll get used to it. Might even come back alone in a year or two, and clear it up properly. Nothing easier. But not for Christmas.”

He looked back over the plain behind him. “I shan’t be back for Christmas.” He started up the engine, and he was gone.

He had felt free the moment he struck the blow, but that was an illusion. Looking back, it seemed as if at that moment he was so limed and ensnared that he could hardly believe now that he had ever extricated himself. He had felt free when he had left the house—that was an illusion too. On the downs—an illusion, he was still in England. On the boat—an illusion. He wouldn’t be back on the boat for any money in the world. Not even to see England disappear.

But here, in New York, a different world, he was free at last, really free. He was safe. He could look back with pleasure even—at least, after a meal, lighting his cigarette, he could look with a sort of pleasure—to the minute he had passed in the cellar, listening to the bell, the door and the voices. He could look forward to Marion.

As he strolled out from the restaurant, the hotel clerk, smiling, held up letters for him. It was the first batch from England. Well, what did that matter? It would be fun dashing off the typewritten sheets in Hermione’s downright style, signing them with her squiggle, telling every one what a success his first lecture had been, how thrilled he was with America, but how certainly she’d bring him back for Christmas. Doubts could creep in later.

He glanced over the letters. Most were for Hermione. From the Sinclairs, from the Wallingfords, of course, the vicar—about the cat probably, a business letter: “Molt & Sons, Builders and Decorators.”

He stood in the lounge, people brushing by him, opening the letters with his thumb, reading here and there, smiling. The builders’ letter he kept to the last. Some bill, probably. But no:

“Dear Madam,

We are in receipt of your kind acceptance of estimate as below, and also of key.

We beg to repeat you may have every confidence in same being ready in ample time for Christmas present as stated, am setting men to work this week.

We are, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

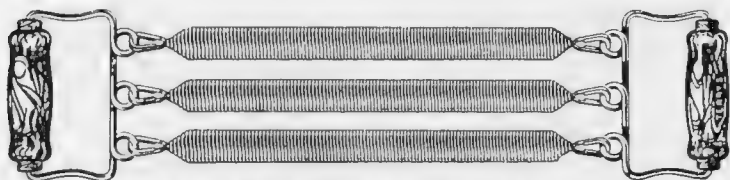
Paul Molt & Sons.

To excavating, building up, suitably lining one sunken wine-bin in cellar as indicated, using best materials, making good, etc.—£18.”

Xmas Gifts...

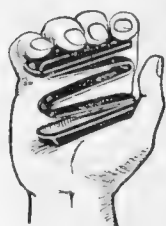
by
TERRY

Now more than ever, Christmas Gifts should be chosen for their lasting value to the recipient. Here are some practical suggestions by TERRY'S. Many other presents for domestic and personal use are described and illustrated in Terry's Home "Utilities." Post coupon below for a FREE COPY.



TERRY "STEELSTRAND" EXPANDERS

The sure way to mighty chest and lung expansion and all-round development. FREE Book of Exercise Charts with every model. Strength and strands to suit all. We specially recommend the Terry No. 2 (3-strand), with interchangeable, last-a-lifetime springs. **10/-** each

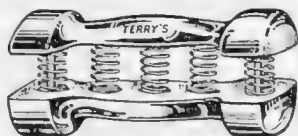


GOLFERS' POCKET WRIST EXERCISER

Use anytime, anywhere—while walking, radio-listening, etc. Develops powerful grip, strength and suppleness of wrist and forearm. Individually weak fingers can be given perfect muscular control. Ideal also for musicians, sportsmen, etc. each **1/-**

Stocked by all Sports Outfitters or direct, post paid.

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Detachable Terry Springs that never weaken. You can use 2, 3 or more, as desired. Finished in bright coloured enamel or polished nickel plate. From **5/6** pair



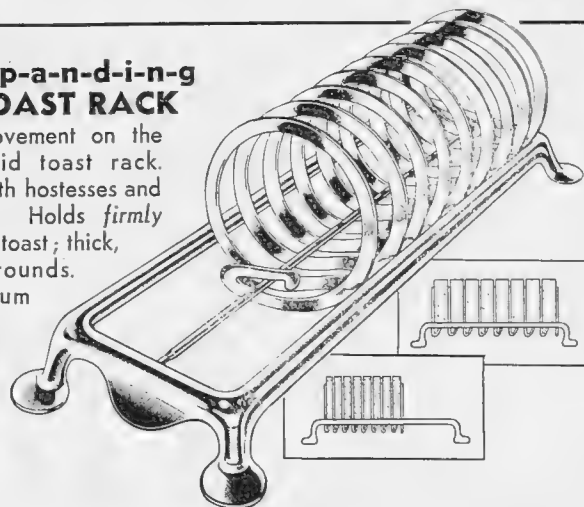
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give you the actual rhythm and enjoyment of real river sculling. A few minutes a day keep you in tip-top condition. The ideal way to supple muscles, strength and healthful slimming. ("Avecta" Model 57/6). From **84/-**

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A wonderful improvement on the old-fashioned, rigid toast rack. Instantly popular with hostesses and hotels everywhere. Holds firmly from 1 to 8 pieces of toast; thick, thin, fingers or rounds. Gleaming chromium plate needs no cleaning. **3/6** each

Junior 4-slice model **2/9**



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TIME SAVERS FOR THE HOME MALE
BETTER HELP FOR HOUSE WIVES

free


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Please send me free book by return.

Name.....

Address.....

T13/12/39



This Christmas

head your gift list with

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Quality ACHIEVED BY Maturity

13/6
PER BOTTLE

1/4 bottle . . . 7/-
1/2 bottle . . . 3/9
Price includes postage and packing

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 359)

Any one who is fond of reading some good and authentic stories about foxes, their wiles and wickednesses, is recommended to get Mr. A. Henry Higginson's latest book "The Fox That Walked on the Water" (Collins), for it is as astonishing a collection of true yarns as is likely to come any one's way. Mr. Higginson, for many years Master of the Cattistock, laid all hunting people under a debt of gratitude for his "Peter Beckford," who incidentally used to hunt over part of what is now Cattistock country, and he has also given us other good hunting books like "As Hounds Ran," and furthermore, before he became a Master of an English pack of hounds, was very famous in his own country as a Master and in steeplechasing circles. These facts are merely mentioned as matters of personal knowledge and as a guarantee to any one who may not know them that this author really does know his subject. I should be almost inclined to claim for him that what he does not know about a fox and his ways is not knowledge. This yarn about the fox that walks on the water, is one of the most extraordinary I have ever struck. The Cattistock hounds were drawing the gorses at Herbury, near the Chesil Beach, where now there is a bombing range. The Master (Mr. Higginson) had placed his hounds along the narrow neck of land which joins Herbury to the mainland, with the idea of stopping any foxes that might try to escape that way. It was the cubbing season and these "nautical" foxes had been doing a terrible lot of damage to the farmer's poultry. The calm waters of "The Fleet" at low tide were dotted with swans and



Victor Hey

AT AN R.A.S.C. CONCERT

A very good concert was given the other evening for R.A.S.C. troops stationed somewhere in Yorkshire as is shown by the eager attention the officers and their ladies in this picture are watching the stage. From l. to r. the names are: Mrs. Milligan, Second Lieutenant and Mrs. G. St. C. Cormack, Mrs. B. G. Barnes, Major Hoare (the C.O.), Miss Bland, (W.A.T.S. Commandant), Second Lieutenant E. J. Statham, Mrs. D. N. Stother and her daughter, Miss Stother

waders. Suddenly, there was a challenge boiling up into a chorus by the full band. A fox for a million! It seemed as if they must catch him at once. The huntsman then sang out: "He's going over the water!" And he was sure enough walking all amongst the swans and such like. — Every one was amazed, as was no wonder! There was, of course, an explanation. There had been an old wall which stretched across the mud flats, which at one time must have been a water meadow and on days when the tide was very low, as it was on this occasion, the top of the wall was hardly four inches below the surface. The inhabitants of that "island" knew this or, at any rate, this wily customer did.

Of course they never saw this robber again, for before they could get hounds to the spot, he had vanished into thin air. This is only one of many excellent stories, all of which are good and must be of interest to every student of venerary—especially to M.F.H.s and professional huntsmen. An excellent book for a Christmas present.

* * *

Parents are often blamed for the names they select for their offspring, and in some cases quite deservedly; but when she grows up I feel somehow that a recent attractive new arrival may not quarrel with having been given "Perpetua" for one of her names. It will not be very difficult to put the accent on the second syllable. She is the daughter of the friend of so many of the working classes in Fleet Street, Frank Bower, nephew of Sir Alfred Bower, an ex-Lord Mayor of London, and Mrs. Bower, who is also well known in newspaper land. An invitation to the christening of Perpetua has been very kindly sent me, but in these strenuous times, how dare any of us guarantee to be able to be anywhere at any given time. My felicitations nevertheless!

REVELATION for service

BATMAN :

" The Major calls it a Revelation
... Magic I call it, Sir ! Look
what's gone in ... makes me
feel like a blinkin' conjurer ! "

Whatever their job — Service or Civilian — a Revelation Suitcase is the sort of present which makes the strongest appeal to both men and women.

For here is something really useful — giving faithful service and utmost value, whatever price you pay.

Remember too, a Revelation expands to take everything you want to pack and, however full, it always closes with ease.

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The world's most famous Suitcase

Another REVELATION Gift for Men or Women
REV-ROBE

The Travel Wardrobe hardly Larger than a Hat-box

12 DRESSES

or

5 SUITS

FOLDED & PACKED IN 3 MINUTES

Automatic Folding
Eliminates Creasing

LADIES' MODELS

from
70/-

MEN'S MODELS

from
77/6





SQUADRON LEADER AND
MRS. N. D. GILBART-SMITH

Whose marriage took place recently. The bride was formerly Miss Diana Yvonne Priest, only daughter of Major-General R. Priest, M.D., F.R.C.P., K.H.P., A.M.S., and of Mrs. R. Priest, of 10 Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W. 1, and her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was to Squadron Leader Norman Denham Gilbert-Smith, R.A.F., second son of Claud Denham Gilbert-Smith, Embassy Court, Cairo, Egypt, and Mrs. Elena Gilbert-Smith, of Latymer Court, W.

only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Bently, of The Well Cottage, Seaford, Sussex.

The wedding will take place on Thursday, December 21 at the Parish Church, Llanfyllin, between the Hon. David Davies and Miss Eldrydd Dugdale. The wedding will also take place on Thursday, December 21 between Lieutenant Harold Watts, R.A.M.C., elder son of Mr. J. E. Price Watts, F.R.C.S., of Chigwell Row, and Miss Eva George, third daughter of Mr. E. J. George, of Weybridge.

The wedding will take place on Friday, December 22

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Friday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place at Worth Parish Church between Lieutenant Stephen Nix and Miss Penelope Moinet.

* * *

Saturday's Wedding.

The wedding will take place at St. Peter's Church, Cranley

Gardens between Mr. Samuel E. Gurney and Miss Alexandra Seymour.

* * *

Forthcoming Marriages.

The wedding will take place on December 18 between Mr. Robert Verdon Perfect, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A Perfect, of Lewes, and Miss Mary Judith Bently,



MISS PRUNELLA FEILDING

Whose engagement has been announced. She is the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Rowland Feilding, D.S.O., and Mrs. Feilding, of Stoke House, Stoke Poges, Bucks, and she is engaged to Flight Lieutenant Rupert Hartley Watson, A.A.F., son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. Hartley Watson, of Powderham, near Exeter

at St. John's Church, Dormansland, between Mr. Paul Greenway and Miss Cordelia Stephen.

The wedding will take place on December 27 between Mr. John Holden Elliot Guest, youngest son of the late Mr. Sidney S. Guest, of Barston, Warwickshire, and of Mrs. Guest, of Exmouth, and Miss

Jean McIntyre Weekes, only daughter of Colonel L. N. Weekes and Mrs. Weekes, of Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Marrying Abroad.

The marriage will take place shortly in Karachi between Mr. Leslie John Pricket Swabey, elder son of the late Brigadier-General W. S. Swabey, C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., and Mrs. Swabey, of Colway Rise, Lyme Regis, and Miss Sheila Mary Pyman, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Pyman, of West Hartlepool.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced, and the marriage will shortly take place between Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Lister York, D.S.O., second son of the late Mr. Edward Christopher York, of Hutton Hall, Long Marston, York, and Miss Mary Enid Goodchild (Evelyn Gardiner), daughter of the late Mr. Charles George Griffin, of Link House, London, W.4.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN MARDEN

Who were married recently at Peebles Old Church, Scotland. The bride was formerly Miss Eileen Hunter Thorburn, daughter of Major and Mrs. Hunter Thorburn, of Greystones, Peebles. The bridegroom is the son of the late Captain J. B. N. Marden, 9th Lancers, and Mrs. Philip Gosse, Weppons, Steyning, Sussex, and is a Second Lieutenant in the Queen's Royal Lancers

JEWELS AS AN INVESTMENT

You are cordially invited to inspect William Ogden's important collection of fine Jewels on view at 4 King Street, St. James', London, S.W.1

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Gifts-

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM
DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

CATALOGUE OF
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
SENT ON REQUEST



1

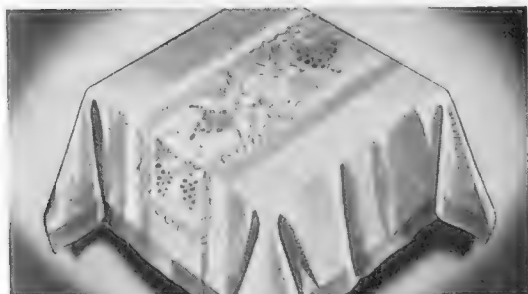
1
Chiffon evening handkerchief,
with self colour hand-embroid-
ered initial. In red, white, blue,
pink, peach, turquoise:
also black with
white embroidery. **7'6**
Each

2
Heavy suède gloves warmly
lined with cashmere. In
nigger, beaver,
black and **32'9**
grey.
Same style in capeskin, lined silk.
Shades of brown, black, tan. **28'9**



2

3
A new and striking
tea cloth in artificial
silk, woven in off-
white, with the design
hand-painted in
natural colours with a
contrasting border of
green or gold. Guar-
anteed **19'6**
fast
colours.
Size 54 x 54 ins.
16 in. napkins to match.
Six for **17'6**



3

Post orders will
receive prompt and
careful attention



4

4
Double purpose work
bag, two large pockets
open out as knee rest.
In printed linen, with
floral design on beige
ground and wooden
frame. Size of knee
rest
18 1/2 x **55'-**
12 ins.

5
Toilet cologne in
wooden container,
with various
hand-
painted
designs. **6'6**



5

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(Debenhams Ltd.)

Yardley



Orchis

Some of the most delightful perfume creations in the
world are found in the collection of superb fragrances
presented by Yardley. ORCHIS is the most beautiful
of perfumes, accentuating your loveliness and investing
it with a new charm, a new beauty, a new call to
romance and joyous adventures.

3/- 5/- 9/6 17/6

also April Violets, Freesia and Fragrance

at the same prices.

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CH. MONAMI COQUILLE

Property of Mme Oosterveen

was then for giving in to a proposition for which there was no real demand. Doubtless some people feel dull without their usual occupations and amusements but that cannot be helped. We are probably only at the beginning of the war and must submit to dullness, and be thankful if things do not get too lively! Shows on Sunday will not help much and will entail a lot of work for people who would otherwise have a day off.

It is good news that in spite of the time, Deerhounds continue to prosper. In fact, in some ways the "spreading out" of dogs may do the breed good. Several new owners are reported and as, with the Deerhound, it is a case of "but to see him is to love him," we may hope that these owners will continue in the right way after peace comes. The Deerhound is an easy dog to keep, as he is not a large eater, and he is so devoted to his owner that he is no trouble. Miss Hartley owns a famous kennel and sends a photograph of herself and three hounds: Arsaig, winner of 150 prizes, hale and hearty at eleven and a half years; his son Bracken, winner of two certificates; and his grandson Locksley, also a big winner. All Miss Hartley's youngsters have gone to good homes and interest is centred on a family out of Ch. Lustra, who will carry on this famous kennel in the much-longed-for peace time.

If "Trade follows the Flag" so certainly does the Fox Terrier! I do not suppose there is any part of

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The decision of the Kennel Club to allow shows on Sundays came as rather a surprise. Some time ago the question was brought up at the Council of Representatives and was lost by a large majority, many men coming up from the Midlands to vote against it. There seems even less reason now than there

the globe inhabited by Britons, where you do not find a Fox Terrier. He is the most adaptable of beings, can stand heat and cold, a hard life or a soft one, with equal equanimity. He is also a very great show proposition; but years of showing does not alter his character, which is sporting to the end. Miss



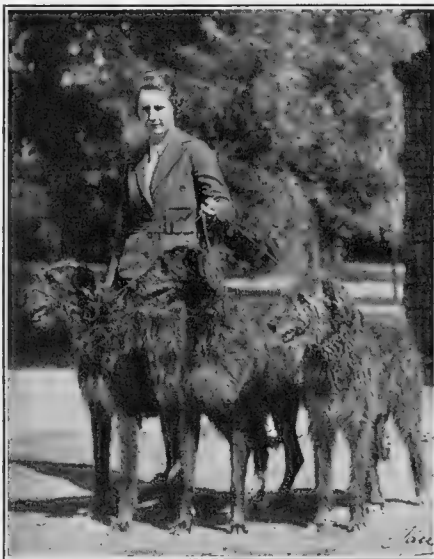
STEWTON SELECTION

Property of Miss Pearson

Pearson owns one of the foremost kennels of Fox Terriers and sends a picture of her latest stud dog Stewton Selection. There were some puppies by him just ready to bring out as the war started. Miss Pearson has some very nice puppies for sale, one dog, nine months old, ready to go anywhere, and some quite young. They are for sale at very moderate prices. Ch. Rikki, aged thirteen and a half, is going strong; also Ch. Taffy, aged eleven and a half; and Ch. Jakin, aged eight; so Miss Pearson takes good care of her veterans.

The charming little Papillon is one of the smallest of the Toy breeds. He was very well known on the Continent for many years before he came to this England. They are often seen in pictures of the ladies of the Court of Louis XIV and XV. Mme Oosterveen has one of the best known kennels of this attractive breed, which contains the famous Ch. Monami Coquille—winner of eighteen certificates and unbeaten. Also Ch. Monami Pierre, winner of six certificates. The photograph is of Ch. Coquille and there are children and grandchildren of these celebrities for sale at most reasonable prices to good homes. Papillons make delightful companions as, though so small they are most intelligent and do not require much food and exercise. Mme Oosterveen is one of our best known judges.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

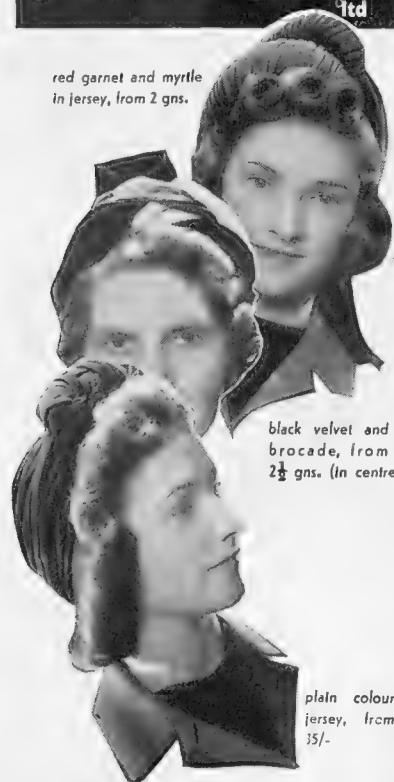


WINNING TEAM OF DEERHOUNDS

Property of Miss Hartley

pissot & pavy
Ltd

red garnet and myrtle
in jersey, from 2 gns.



black velvet and
brocade, from
2½ gns. (In centre)

plain colour
jersey, from
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gay, stimulating turbans and many
other hats for all ages — just right
in price for present conditions at

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The Officers' Service Jacket and Skirt illustrated, made in Khaki Baratheia, costs 9 guineas. For other ranks, highest grade Khaki Serge, specially made to specification, brings the uniform out at 7 guineas. Greatcoats, in two weights of best quality Melton, are 8½ guineas.

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Give her
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RIBBONS

Here is a gift which she is certain to like. See them at your drapers. Prices from 1/- to 2/6 per box. Look for the Cash's seal on every knot. If any difficulty in obtaining, please write for the address of the nearest supplier:

J. & J. CASH Ltd.
(Dept. R.H.2) COVENTRY

THE DIARY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG 'Thin'



Friday
At the Featherstones' dance. Saw cousin John dancing with a ravishingly slim woman—moment later realised she was Aunt Mary! Her figure had lost at least ten years. Told me afterwards she'd found the 'no-trouble' way to slim. No more diets. No beastly exercises I guessed before she said it—NATEX (my slimming stand-by last summer!) We both voted it a real tonic. Makes you so fit as well as

GLAND-CONTROL CONTROLS YOUR WEIGHT

Every ounce you gain or lose is the result of certain glandular processes. That's why external or localised slim-treatments have only temporary effect—they act on the outward signs of overweight whereas NATEX acts not only on the excessive fat itself but upon its cause. NATEX is a pure concentrate of vegetables which safely re-invigorates the glands with the organic food needed to help the absorption of fat. And it re-invigorates you too. Weight goes at a natural rate of 2-4 lbs. a week. Complexion is cleared because poisons are banished. Vigour and vitality are actually increased. All this with no drugs—no unpleasant dieting.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE NATEX

Prominent physicians positively recommend it—23 Beauty Editresses also testify. Obtainable at your Chemist or Health Food Stores, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6 or sent post free from address below.

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My dear! This coffee is MARVELLOUS!

HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE IT SO QUICKLY?



It's not easy to believe that there is a short cut to making "the real thing" when it comes to coffee. But it's true. For here is Nescafé, the wonderful new product that enables every one of us to be a really expert coffee-maker with no more equipment than a cup and a spoon!

What is this marvellous Nescafé anyway? Nescafé is, literally, skillfully made coffee in the form of fine, golden-brown powder. Not only are grounds and bulk banished;

but Nescafé captures the "soul" of good coffee; its full flavour, its elusive fragrance. Nescafé makes not only quicker coffee; but better coffee! You'll find it a pleasure to judge Nescafé for yourself, so send along for the free sample. Put some of it into a cup; pour on hot water; and taste glorious coffee with the true Continental flavour.

★★ Please send for FREE SAMPLE

Tasting's believing. So we would like you to try Nescafé at our expense. Send now for the sample enough to make two delicious cups of Nescafé, to Nestlé's, Sample Dept. N, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

In 2 sizes 1/3 and 2/-



NESCAFÉ

Made in an instant—right in the cup!

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Butter and Shortbread

The best table butter is used in making

CRAWFORD'S FAMOUS SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

In War time the stocks of best table butter must be carefully kept for the family larder.

The Proprietors of Crawford's Biscuits very much regret to intimate that they are, therefore, unable to make

Crawford's Shortbread

CRAWFORD'S BISCUITS ARE
STILL OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE



CABARET'S BABY

Marcia Dillon, fifteen-year-old Canadian dancer, is believed to be the West End's youngest cabaret star, having danced in many well-known night spots. She is soon leaving the cabaret, where she is at present working, for Newcastle, where she is to play second lead in pantomime



JACK AND JILL AT BIRMINGHAM

Arthur Askey, star of radio's "Band Waggon," and scheduled as Charley's Aunt in the newest film version of that old favourite, has gone to Birmingham for the Christmas season to play in Emile Littler's pantomime there, *Jack and Jill*. Playing opposite him is Cora Goffin, one of the best-known of pantomime's principal boys as well as a straight actress of considerable charm and ability



TOPICAL PANTOMIME

Pantomimes have always been noted for their topical references, but Pamela Frankau has now turned *Cinderella* into a fully-fledged allegory. Above are Dorothy Hyson as Liberty and Margaretta Scott as Prince Charming (alias Great Britain) in this original show, called *Who's Taking Liberty?*, now at the Whitehall Theatre

Pain after meals

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without pain and discomfort afterwards? That is because acid turns your food tough and you cannot digest it. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve the acidity at once and your stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease.

Your indigestion has vanished and need never return. Get a tin of Tablets now and prove this at your next meal.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/- . Also family sizes 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
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TABLETS
SLIP A 6^d BOX
IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

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MAKE YOUR PRECIOUS GIFT *or she* SOMETHING HE [^] WILL *always* WEAR

Of very finely finished workmanship, the G.M. Identity Bracelet or Brooch with Service Badge or Emblem is an exquisite intimate gift that is also highly practical. In addition to the recipient's identity details, your personal message can be engraved upon it, thus greatly adding to its sentimental value.



In gold, mounted with pure platinum, Service Badge or Emblem

Price £3.3.0

or in silver with solid gold Badge or Emblem

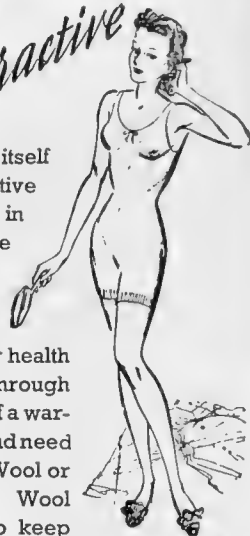
Price £1.1.0

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'G.M.' 4 PARK LANE, W.1.

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is attractive

Wool proves itself more attractive than ever in times like these, when you are striving to maintain your health and vitality through the rigours of a war-time winter and need Pesco Pure Wool or Silk and Wool underwear to keep you fit and well



Pesco is Wool

WARNING. In wartime prompt delivery cannot be assured. Please therefore order as far as possible in advance of your requirements. Coloured folders and names of nearest agents on application.

PESCO
Unshrinkable
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD.
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CANdid comments by Mr CAN



*Whatever troubles
may betide
You're full of smiles
if clean inside!*

Tough times like these hit us all alike—high and humble, young and old. Yet while some people are calm and cheery—how many are feeling low and care-worn? Why? Poisons in the system are their trouble—and these poisons are an added enemy just now. Get rid of them. Keep your bloodstream running clear and strong, your nerves unclouded by impurities. Take health-giving, invigorating Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every day—and keep up the fighting spirit of a Mr Can!

First thing every morning!



Pour a little Eno's into your hand, slide it into a glass of water—and up it goes! Even as you drink it you feel it doing you good, cleansing and refreshing your whole system. Eno's is as pure as fresh fruit. Price. 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. Get a bottle today.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

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*A good 'opening'
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NAVY CUT
TOBACCO
2oz. TIN 2/8
4oz. " 5/4.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

My Visit to the R.A.F. in France

(Continued from page 364)

who puzzled me for some reason I couldn't place at the time, so that I kept on trying to draw him out, by such questions as: I have always heard how marvellous the Canadian maple trees are in autumn.

He said, yes they are, or something like that, and would I like another cup of tea? It was only when we had said good-bye and driven off down the muddy lane, that my companion, whose job it is to know everything about every one, asked me a question. "What did you think of the Canadian boy?" Before I could answer, he went on: "Actually, he's a Rhodes scholar, who was at John's, Oxford, for two years, and then went on to study at the Sorbonne, before entering the Canadian Foreign Office at home. When the war scare happened last spring, and Hitler went into Prague, he offered his services to the British Embassy in Paris . . . and that's how he came to be called up, as an interpreter, and given the rank of corporal and stuck in such an isolated, incongruous group. Of course, he's had no proper service training . . ."

I still don't think I answered. I was thinking of the degree of self-discipline needed to prevent him from showing any sign of the mental starvation to which he had been subjected since the war began.

His family thousands of miles away, so they probably didn't even know yet where he was, no books, and only conversation about Popeye. And yet, when the chance came, he stayed right in the background, he gave no indication that there were other subjects he'd like to discuss, he refrained from showing off his brain, or giving the slightest hint as to his former background.

Well, maybe, I am prejudiced, but I can only tell you I learnt a lesson in courage that afternoon that I shall always remember.

GODFREY WINN.



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Lord Knutsford's only brother out with the South Oxfordshire on wheels. Lord Knutsford is the famous ex-Master of the Avon Vale and ex-joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's)

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 374)

all R.A.F. stories from France. It does not happen with the Admiralty or the War Office. We did not have the story of the heroism of the crew of the *Rawalpindi* ruined and made ridiculous by a blathered and bowdlerized version on the nine o'clock news on the B.B.C. the night before.

The R.A.F. must be firm about this. They must stop the B.B.C. from forestalling all the newspapers if they hope to get good stories about the R.A.F. in the newspapers. It is quite useless for an experienced reporter to go out to France and to spend time there if he knows that every story he writes is going to be forestalled and ruined by a sort of Children's-hour version on the B.B.C. nine o'clock news the night before. If the Admiralty can adjust these things, the R.A.F. ought to be able to do so. Of course if it prefers to have half-baked stories on the B.B.C. instead of full-length stories in the Press, that is its affair. But it cannot have it both ways. It must shut up the B.B.C. and confine it to its proper job of recording, or else it must give up the idea of ever having its work well reported in the newspapers.

Boost Stories.

One of the things to be avoided—whether the reports of aviation activities are to be broadcast or to be printed—is the "boost story." I was horrified to see one of these appearing the other day about the A.T.A. It was the most blatant thing that has come out so far, and it suggested that the boys of the A.T.A. were positive miracles at flying in bad weather.

They are good at this work, but they themselves would reject the idea that any special merit attaches to them for doing it when other people are doing more dangerous work. They ought to be thankful to have managed to collect a relatively safe job—and I am sure they are thankful. It is the greater pity that misguided writers should put them before the public in a wrong light.



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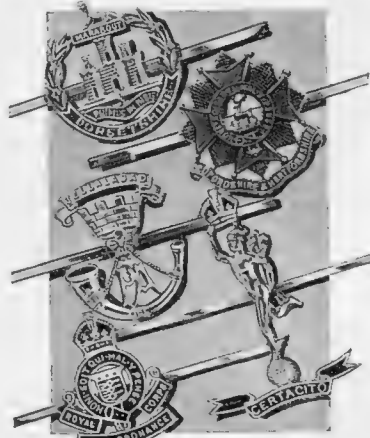
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Racing Ragout

(Continued from page 352)

an Essolube tear rolled down his nose as he recalled the freezing cold night when he had been unable to draw off her water. He accepted my proffered half-crown with gratitude. "Thank 'ee kindly," he said, "that'll be a pint of Castrol for the old girl and a couple of nuts for myself." My only contact with racing has been the receipt of those ridiculous entry forms for the unborn produce of mares to be run for in 1942 (!) and the Free Handicap. Mr. Fawcett has had an almost impossible task to make anything out of the jumble of moderate horses and inconsistent running. The top-weight I would not like to back to beat Djebel at ten pounds, many of those quite near the top are maidens or have won one small race, and I doubt there being a stone between the top-weight and the promoted platers. Let us hope there are some really good ones that have not yet matured.

ROUNABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, write us: "With the dark and cold winter weeks stretching before us, we are asking the public to help to provide coal at 2s. 6d. weekly for a widow, aged seventy-five. She does everything for her semi-blind sister, aged sixty-nine, who has suffered from spinal trouble since childhood. Their joint income is 25s. a week, so when their rent of 8s. 6d. is paid, only 16s. 6d. remains for two people to eke out the necessities of life. Neither of them are strong enough to go out in the winter, so we plead to give them a fire until April."

The "Savoy" has decided to start midnight cabaret again in addition to the usual 10.30 show, and this began on Monday, December 11.



DR. AND MRS. FELIX WEINGARTNER

At seventy-six years old, Felix Weingartner, friend and pupil of Liszt, is still one of the world's greatest orchestral conductors and musical scholars, as was shown by his brilliant concerts in London last season and his masterly handling of *Parsifal* at Covent Garden. It is a great loss to the British musical public that owing to the war he will not be able, as planned, to make his usual visit to this country this season. Dr. Weingartner is seen taking the air at Lausanne with his young wife, Carmen Studer, who was one of his pupils at the Basle Conservatoire

That extremely popular star, Vic Oliver, has been engaged for a limited season. The management is most anxious that this resumption of cabaret at midnight should be successful; and it is certain that it will be so.

Monday, December 11, marked the production at Richmond of a new comedy by Alec Dyer entitled *May Day*. This play—just a little daring—deals with the love affair of a young member of the former Russian aristocracy and the daughter of a commissar, and the various vicissitudes through which their romance runs and how eventually it all ends quite happily.

It is all grand fun and it will be interpreted by a very strong cast headed by Violet Vanbrugh, who is supported by Percy Walsh—so long the famous French professor of *French Without Tears* in London, Peter Coke, George Butler and Tully Comber. The play will be produced by Harold Clayton who was responsible for the London successes of *Grouse in June* and *Juggernaut*.

The Young Women's Christian Association has announced a War Emergency Appeal for a first £100,000 for urgent and immediate work. H.M. the Queen has graciously headed the donation list with a gift of £100 sent with her best wishes for the success of the Appeal. H.M. Queen Mary has also sent a donation. Both the Queen and Queen Mary are Patrons of the Y.W.C.A. which owes much to their interest and sympathy. In 1914-18 the Y.W.C.A. opened about four hundred war-work centres and raised £500,000. Working on the Government Three Year War Plan it is estimated that a similar sum of £500,000 will be required, and of this £100,000 is wanted at once. The Viscountess Halifax is the President of the War Emergency Appeal and others who are giving their support include Mrs. Arthur Grenfell (National President of Y.W.C.A.), Lady Helen Graham (London President), Lady Astor, Miss Evelyn Barlow, Mr. Colin Campbell and Lady Procter.

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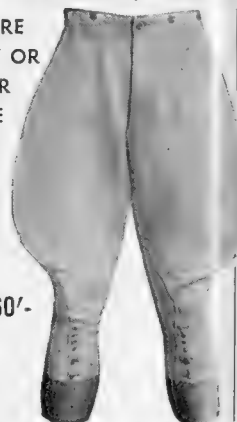
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British
warm

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"GOODWILL TO MEN"—**The Church Army.**

The spirit of Christmas will remain despite the war, and there will be celebrations, though not in every home. The Church Army is planning to carry the spirit of Christmas into the homes of lonely old people and gentlewomen in distress and into the homes of the very poor as well. Our soldiers, sailors and airmen claim a large share of our attention today. There are recreation huts, canteens and other centres to be maintained and new ones to be erected and opened. This work cannot be carried on without help. Cheques, etc., should be crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," and made payable to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army, 55 Bryanston St., W.1.

Royal Cancer Hospital.

Although a number of organizations have decided to close down for the duration of the war, the Royal Cancer Hospital will continue its work with even greater vigour. Even the unparalleled upheaval in our national life caused by the outbreak of war is not to be allowed to detract from the hospital's efforts. They are "carrying on" as in normal times, and with unabated vigour. To do this, they must employ skilled workers, intricate appliances and expensive materials. Money to finance this heavy but vitally necessary expenditure must somehow be found. Gifts and other communications should still be addressed to the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

Waifs and Strays.

Though our thoughts go to the men on active service this Christmas, we must not forget the calls of the Home Front and the children. Five thousand empty stockings must, for instance, be filled by Father Christmas for the Waifs and Strays Society—a task in which your help is needed! Send your gift to the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11. This famous society has over one hundred homes in safe and neutral areas in different parts of the country, and many boys and girls are boarded out, for more than one thousand children were evacuated on the outbreak of war.

National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Now that war has come, will the N.S.P.C.C. continue its work? We are assured that such a question has been asked. A similar one would be "Since the sea is so rough, will the lifeboats put out?" There can be no doubt about either answer. The society will continue to function just as long as its services are necessary and its work continues to appeal to the head and heart of the generous public.

Already it has undertaken a countless number of inquiries respecting evacuated children and the way it has dealt with this matter has evoked the admiration of local authorities everywhere.

Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

An estimable section of society for whom the war has only accentuated the difficulty of life are the governesses to whom so many of us owe so much. This serious increase in distress caused by reduction of employers' incomes, evacuation difficulties and other new conditions, is the constant care of the G.B.I., which is consequently more than ever in need of a steady supply of funds for its admirable work. Any donation will therefore be gratefully received by the institution at 58 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have under their care the largest family of the Empire's needy children to be found anywhere. They willingly act as father and mother to these children, and they are striving, with God's help, so to nurture, educate and train them, physically and morally, that in the days to come, when they are called upon to take their places in the world, they shall not be found wanting. But just now Christmas is close at hand and the homes earnestly plead for help to chase away every cloud that might threaten to overshadow eager little lives. Wartime Christmas gifts should be sent to 485 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and crossed "Barclays Bank Ltd."

The Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association.

This association was formed for the relief of gentlepeople, who owing to various causes are in deep distress and in many cases on the verge of starvation. The association makes weekly grants to three hundred and sixty

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Leverhulme
as President of the National Advertising Benevolent Society
asks for your help

A year of extreme difficulty lies ahead for the National Advertising Benevolent Society. Many thousands of pounds have been distributed during 1939 to needy advertising men, women and their dependants. Funds are urgently needed to maintain the Society's excellent work started in 1913. In addition to its regular benevolent work, donations are also required for the Special War Emergency Relief Fund, 1939, to relieve the acute distress among persons in the advertising business suddenly thrown out of employment as a direct result of the War. Will YOU please help as generously as possible.

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N.A.B.S.*needs YOUR
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THE CALL OF CHARITY

of its necessitous cases, and also supplies clothing, blankets, invalid comforts, and makes special allowances to others who are in great distress. Unfortunately, the number of appeals from poor souls in urgent need of assistance has increased while the funds available are reduced on account of the war. The association appeals for help so that assistance, and perhaps a little comfort, may be given to more of the many who have found poverty and sadness in their old age.

Westminster Hospital.

Although the number of beds available for civil cases has been restricted by the reservation of a number of wards for home war casualties, the new Westminster Hospital is fulfilling every expectation. The cost of making the hospital as safe as possible under war conditions has alone run into many thousands of pounds; and all this must be added to the normal costs of maintaining an entirely modern and invaluable centre of healing, teaching and research. Many old friends of Westminster Hospital have rallied to its aid, but more help is most urgently needed. Put Westminster Hospital on your Christmas gift list.

The Salvation Army.

The work of the Salvation Army among the fighting forces has gained a new importance by the outbreak of war. Already forty welfare centres are at work in camps and barracks and the number is increasing daily.



BARNARDO BOYS AT RIFLE PRACTICE

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have always supplied the Navy and Merchant Service with a stream of well-trained youngsters and it is known that at least 797 of their old boys are at present serving with the fleet

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National Advertising Benevolent Society.

The Right Hon. Viscount Leverhulme through his close connection with advertising fully realizes the extent of unemployment among advertising men and women brought about by the war, and the urgent need for funds to give these unfortunately placed people and their dependants assistance. Donations will be gratefully received by Lord Leverhulme, addressed to him at Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4. Please make cheques payable to the National Advertising Benevolent Society and crossed Barclays Bank.

The R.S.P.C.A.

Probably very few people other than those behind the scenes know of the enormous amount of work which the R.S.P.C.A. gets through every year. In normal times something like 35,000 complaints of cruelty to animals are received and investigated by the society every year. This work is carried out by the society's corps of 225 inspectors stationed throughout England and Wales. Since the war some twenty-five inspectors have been called up, but the society is carrying on as, unfortunately, cruelty to animals does not cease because we are at war. Some appalling cases have been dealt with since the hostilities. Donations are therefore needed with especial urgency, and should be sent to the R.S.P.C.A. at 105 Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

Christmas . . .

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS will remain despite the War, and there will be celebrations, though not in every home.

THE CHURCH ARMY is planning to carry the Spirit of Christmas into the little homes of lonely old people and gentlewomen in distress and into the homes of the very poor as well.

It may not be possible to distribute Christmas Parcels on quite the same wholesale scale as before, but the Church Army is determined to do all it can.

Our Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen claim a large share of our attention today. There are Recreation Huts, Canteens and other Centres to be maintained and new ones to be erected and opened. The Christmas Spirit must not be lacking in our efforts for these brave men.

We cannot carry on any of this work without your help. Will you then, in the Spirit of Christmas, give something to help? Please send a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY



Please don't let it be a

"BLACK-OUT CHRISTMAS"

for the 8,250 boys and girls in

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

War is adding greatly to our anxieties.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of
10/-

would be very acceptable.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" should be sent to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

A Happier CHRISTMAS

for 120,000 Children!



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NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

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An unexpected gift of blankets, invalid comforts, or a special nourishment grant, would bring such relief to many old and invalid gentlepeople weighed down by the burdens of grief, illness and privation, whose winter assistance funds have been depleted by the war.

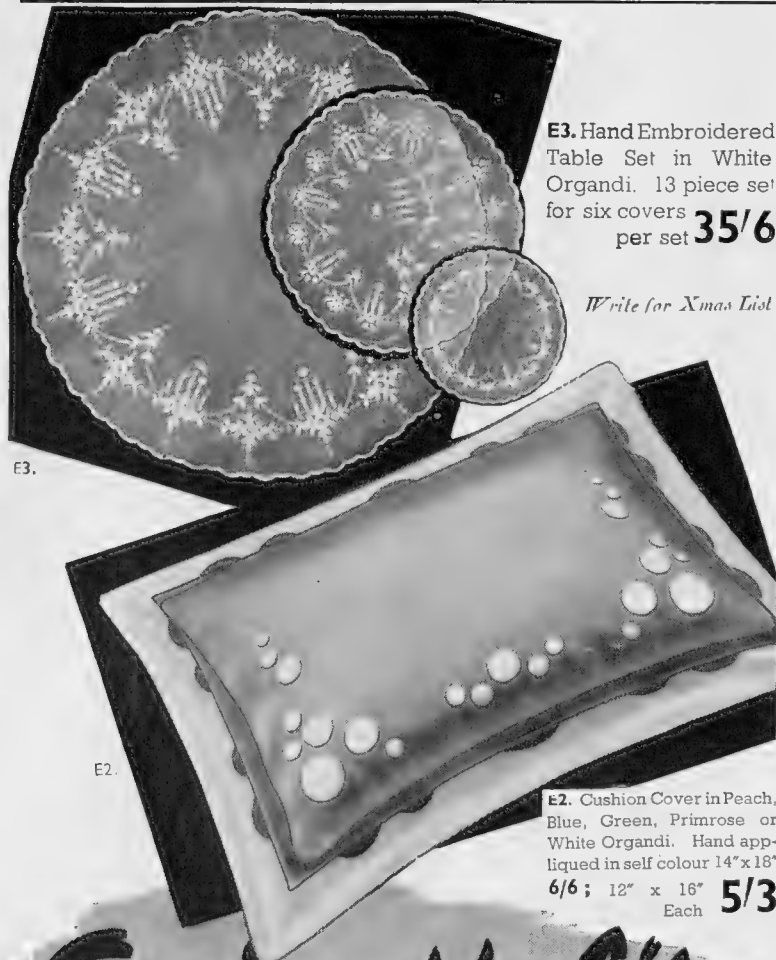
THE

**Distressed
Gentlefolk's
Aid
Association**

urgently appeals that this Christmas they will not be forgotten.

Secretary:

Mrs. H. R. Bromley-Davenport,
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E3. Hand Embroidered Table Set in White Organdi. 13 piece set for six covers **35/6**

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butterfly at the wheel



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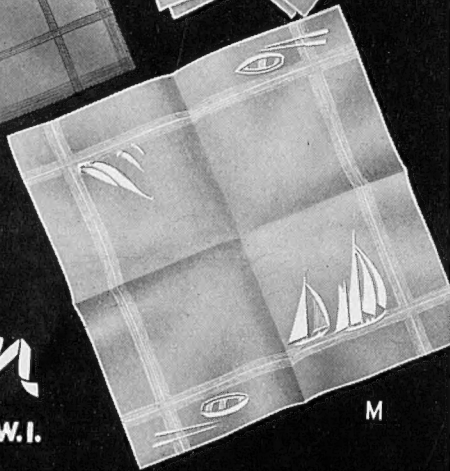
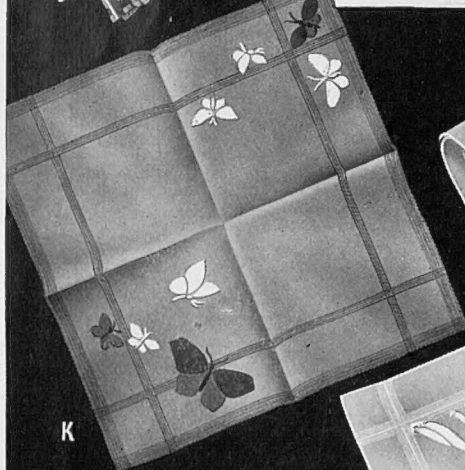
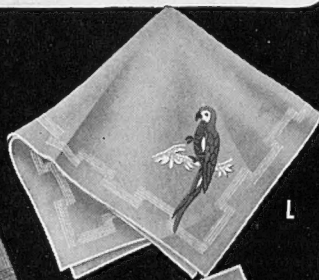
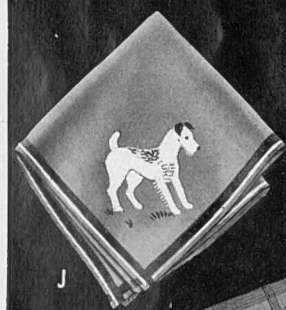
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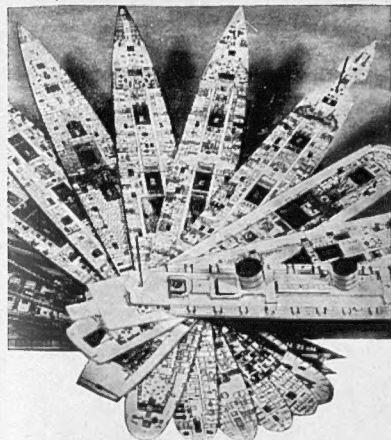
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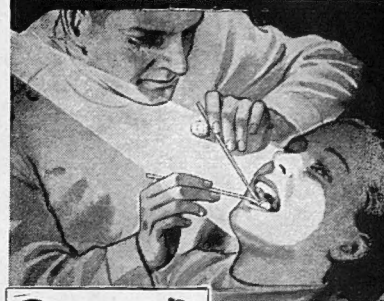
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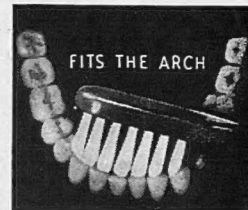
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1 SIZE

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